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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI No. 1848 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 22 1935

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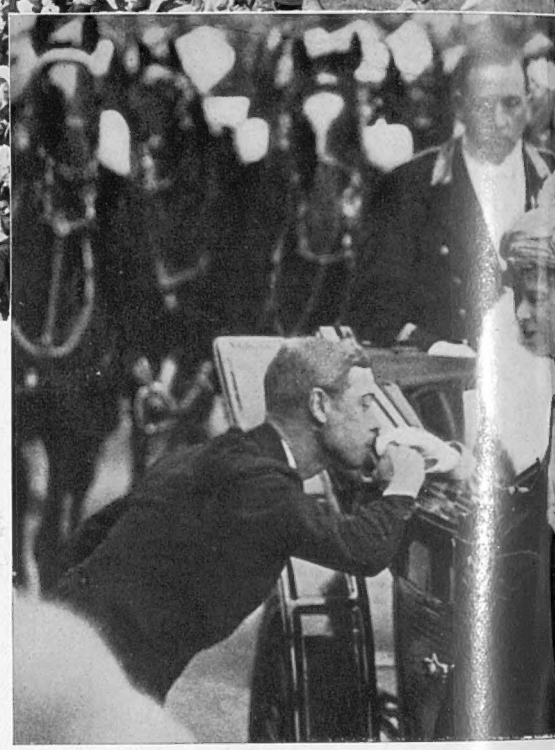
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 22, 1935

Ascot in the Rain

The Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Kent in the Royal Box on the Opening Day of the Meeting

Glorious frocks, bright sunshine, and the cream of English thoroughbreds usually combine to make Ascot the most brilliant sporting and social function of the season. On Tuesday, however, rain interfered, as it has done on so many occasions during the past few weeks, thus compelling the Queen to abandon the ceremonial drive down the course, and resulting in the more cautious among the fashionable throng in the Royal enclosure having to leave up-to-the-minute creations at home and brave the weather in more serviceable if less picturesque attire. The racing, on the other hand, caused no disappointment, an interesting and varied programme concluding with an easy win for the Aga Khan's unbeaten colt, Bahram, in the valuable St. James's Palace Stakes.

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



THE FIFTH AND LAST OF THE SILVER JUBILEE DRIVES: *Above*—The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester who represented the King, driving through the gaily beflagged streets of Windsor on Saturday of last week when they received a tremendous reception from the vast crowd that gathered to greet them. *On right*—The Prince of Wales, in his capacity as High Steward of Windsor, welcoming the Queen and the Duke as they reached the borough boundary. His Royal Highness then presented the Lord Lieutenant and the Mayor and Mayoress, after which the procession moved on towards the castle to the accompaniment of resounding cheers

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 19, 1935.

A RIVAL CABINET.—

No one who knows Mr. Lloyd George expected that he would have remained so long quiescent and complacent out of office and separated from the sweets of power. Perhaps he stayed his hand until the negotiations for Mr. Baldwin's new Cabinet were completed. At last he has shown his hand. The stormy petrel is on the wing again. The unknown quantity is once more troubling Israel. If the Cabinet had scorned to consider his New Deal, if it had instantly turned it down, no surprise would be felt at the lightning manifesto and the new council of action. But Mr. George's Deal was still under consideration and he has received immense deference from the Cabinet. Again, if National Government were in the doldrums of failure or clearly submerged by a wave of despair, we should at least understand the impatience of an ambitious and volatile statesman who finds himself growing old in the wilderness. But with a reconstructed Cabinet, concrete plans, and solid achievements behind it, National Government is on the crest of the wave, and the nation is neither cynical nor despairing regarding its efforts and further efforts. The manifesto is at first sight an insidious wedge driven into national goodwill and a common purpose by a man born to make trouble and thirsty for power and publicity. It was judged a stratagem by a handful of Liberals who have only themselves to blame for their political eclipse and by other "idealists" and sectaries whose only effectiveness lies in destructive criticism in opposition. The manifesto preaches unity and compels disunion. It contains all the demagogue's claptrap. A schoolboy might laugh at its disingenuous patriotism and declare it to be a patent party manœuvre. Its planks are the "black scroll of unemployment," the "fatalistic drift towards war," the "toll of the roads"—sudden discoveries still hidden apparently from the present and past Governments. These evils are to be cured by the council of action under the magician's wand, which will work to perfection "on the night." The remedies to be employed are not to be disclosed, for that is not the conjuror's method. Enough that all possible attractions have been thought of; that all interests (save those which like to think for themselves) are catered for; and, for safety's sake, the party banner is unfurled in the name of Christ. The statesman who played so mighty a part in achieving the vengeance clauses in the Versailles Treaty is to-day deeply concerned with the "fatalistic drift to war." The statesman who long stood out against the one post-war remedy which has checked unemployment, flourishes the "black scroll." One does not blame Mr. George and the rest for that post-war insanity which produced the Treaty. We were all mad together in 1919–20, and Mr. George was but the instrument of our madness, a demagogue sensitive to public opinion. To-day he is clearly less sensitive to public opinion and more than ever sensitive to party ambitions.

THE STEEL TRADE PACT.

—On June 4 ten British representatives of the Iron and Steel Federation met the International Steel Cartel at Luxemburg. The British delegation was led by Lord Dudley (appropriately president of the Federation since his family centuries back was a pioneer of the industry at Himley) and by Sir Andrew Duncan. On June 11 the Press published the fruits of their bargaining. They have been secured by the employment of tariffs as a bargaining counter, and they are hailed as successful and hopeful for British trade and for increased employment in a vital industry. The agreement come to broadly secures to our iron and steelmakers a share of the home market not less large than they had in 1934 and without a rise in the tariff. Our share of the neutral market is fixed forward at the 1934 ratio which was an improvement on the 1933. The consumer benefits by the fact that all fears of still higher tariffs are set at rest henceforward and with it the fear of higher prices. A subject so intricate, technical and vast, no amateur can understand or hope to explain, but it seems clear that British industry has a fair chance (if the supplementary agreements involved are implemented) largely to improve on last year's showing to an extent which may involve employment for 30,000 more men in the industry; an increase in wages of £5,000,000 or more; a saving of £2,000,000 in unemployment benefit; and a large accession of work in the mining industry. It appears to be a promising step forward to world and home trade prosperity.

LESS STORMY?—

At the end of a stormy Whitsuntide came news of a more peaceful kind. Bolivia and Paraguay have been fighting for years and years for possession of a beastly tract of swampy jungle known as the Gran Chaco. Bolivia claimed this territory as heirs of the ancient Spanish authorities; Paraguay, on the ground that it had always formed part of Paraguay territory in Spanish days. The Chaco is malarious when wet, and bug-infested when dried up. After decades of official and non-official war, the bone is still between the snarlers, and the snarlers are licking their wounds and taking breath. Both appear to have discovered at last that there may be better ways to settle a dispute over a dry and meatless bone than by fighting. They are prepared to negotiate a settlement, having each spent far more in blood and treasure than the bone of contention was worth at its freshest. A promising row between Japan and China also appeared to be averted pro tem. by a patched-up settlement. But in this case Japan has imposed her will on China, who has accepted all demands with as good a grace as may be. None who has not lived on the spot (the dispute centres on the borders of Manchukuo State) can possibly explain the position. Brigands are at the root of the trouble, and you cannot negotiate with brigands. But in that disputed area it is never possible to say with certainty that the military or diplomatic authorities who conclude a settlement truly represent the Governments of Japan and China in whose names they speak. In each case the army is often opposed to the diplomatic authorities, and as the military are always nearest to the trouble, trouble is always likely to break out again behind the scenes, and then settlements laboriously drawn up in the foreign Chancellaries become so much waste paper before the ink is dry. The tension over Abyssinia has also showed signs of easing, and the Italian

Government seems to be more ready (after a recent letting-off of steam) to negotiate a peaceful settlement.

MR. JUSTICE AVORY.—

Mr. Justice Avory died in harness last week at the age of eighty-three after sixty years at the Bar and a quarter century on the Bench. He was an exception to the rule that judges, party leaders, headmasters, and butlers should have a retiring-age limit. His patience only increased, his wisdom developed, his analytical faculties and his lucidity grew more remarkable with the years. Some called him the hanging judge, for he was thin-lipped, cold, utterly unemotional, silent, and humourless, and relentless towards lying witnesses and brutal criminals. In the last particulars he was akin to Stevenson's *Hermiston*, who himself had originals on the Scottish Bench. It was almost with relish that he condemned a brute. He would soften the pronouncement no whit, nor forgo the full terrors of sentence of death. But Marshall Hall summed him up very justly as the last judge whom the guilty would desire, but the first choice of the innocent. He lived for the law, his whole life was centred on its concise, lucid, and utterly impartial administration. Bench and Bar learned to love him even when they feared him, for they knew him to

be not only perfectly efficient but generous and helpful to his less experienced brethren. He was, indeed, the perfect type of administrator of a legal system whose dignity, impartiality, and efficiency are the envy of the whole world.

THE SEASON'S TRIUMPH AND FAILURE.

—For days past the Americans, South Americans and other visitors who can afford it have been flooding into England and London to enjoy the sweets of the Season. A strange mixture of brilliance and disappointment hitherto has been the great season of 1935 which must have brought many worthy caterers for public enjoyment to the verge of ruin. Ascot was upon us before we had enjoyed more than those "two fine days and a thunderstorm" which in the bad old days was the foreigner's description of an English summer. We thought we had broken that tradition after the summers of '33 and '34. To save our faces, let us agree to divide the London Season into two parts this year. May 1st to Whitsuntide was the Jubilee Season, and Heaven had no thought but for the King. Whenever the King went abroad among his people, the skies miraculously cleared and summer smiled a welcome as warm as the public's. It was King's weather strictly enforced. Now begins the normal London Season and surely it is reasonable to expect a hint of summer weather. The Tattoo needed it, Ascot needed it, Wimbledon needs it; cricket—with all the thrills to come—lanquished long without it. There is a deal of lost money to be made up by cricket clubs, dressmakers, boat proprietors, pageant makers and scores of other interests which depend like the butterflies on sunshine and warmth. I had to go 600 miles to the Highlands to get my first game of lawn tennis. I have not ventured near the sea with my children at the time of writing. I have not seen a cricket ball bowled nor a garden worth paying 1s. to view; nor have I passed an evening otherwise than at a fireside generously piled. And already the gunmakers are getting busy with order-forms for cartridges.

THE TATTOO.

—The Aldershot Tattoo follows lines which have become traditional. The main items are broadly concreted, the finale is fixed by public sentiment. But every year the efficiency of the groups of performers seems to increase and this year the Jubilee performance is definitely smarter and lovelier than ever. In every detail of management the efficiency of Army organisation comes in for a tribute, which must also be extended to the regular and special police forces, the road scouts, and the boy scouts. The whole area round Aldershot becomes for a fortnight under "martial law." It is merely the terrain of the Tattoo. The weather, of course, matters a lot, but artificial aids can and do make up for dull skies. The magic of coloured lighting effects is indescribable. The *pièce de resistance* this year was certainly the P.T. kaleidoscope. From the Tower Gate sinuous ribands of white, red, blue, yellow and green threaded through the dull red of the massed bands and, with a volatile centre of swinging and glittering metal clubs, performed in perfect unison a series of graceful movements which had all the charm and magic of a vast and well-drilled ballet. The next feature deserving of high praise was the scenery. The hamlet, Windsor Castle, the Tower, and other buildings seemed to have grown for 1,000 years into the natural features of the landscape. The hunting episode was the most exhilarating feature of the cavalry ride. The gentlemanly drill of the Grenadiers of old times was a very pleasant contrast to the barked-out commands of the modern parade ground. Nothing I thought was this year too long drawn-out, unless the example of a modern battle for a village. Possibly its realism and noise jarred on the nerves of older men who have no wish to revive such memories of whining shells and the tat-tat of machine guns. But the Aldershot Tattoo of 1935 is a grand spectacle and a mighty tribute to British efficiency. Because it is essentially an Army production, its best items are invariably those which reveal the essential training of military units. Pageantry, pure and simple, one can see in many places. The P.T. and massed bands are the peculiar glory of the Army. In these magnificently disciplined exercises there is nothing whatsoever to shock even the most ardent pacifist and much to inspire the good citizen and the youth of Britain. An unforgettable experience.

JUNE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

—It is my first experience of the Highlands in June. Year after year I have seen them in autumn, being indeed more devoted to shooting than to fishing. But it is an experience none should miss. When it is summer deep and high in the South, you fly north to the sweets of spring again and are struck with the contrast of the young green of the birches against the dark evergreen of conifers. Then, too, there is the broom. I had no idea how it painted the landscape golden in June, for broom is inconspicuous enough in autumn. Spring and summer join hands to produce their best. Under the whins, the primroses grow in profusion, pale by contrast. Laburnum (which is Scotland's own), azaleas and rhododendrons are all abloom in the gardens and the wild cherries, too, are at their best, with a distant background of still, colourless moorland which yet blushes to an opalescent pink at sunset. Then one is struck, even if he be prepared for it, with the shortness of night. You can go to bed in daylight and read print as late as eleven o'clock. Bird life and animal life generally are never more intimate for man. You may go up to a late grouse's nest, meet along the paths a young plover crouching down to imitate a grey stone, while the mother trails away before you; watch the woodcock intent on their quarrels and domestic cares, or meet roebuck face to face at a turn in the track. Fishing of course is the chief business of the day, interrupted only by the claims of hunger. The rise and fall of the water, the set of wind, the nature of the sky, are all important and a constant anxiety. Punctual meals and changes of clothes cease for once to tyrannize over one's time.

THE WELWYN ACCIDENT.

—The L.N.E.R. collision at Welwyn in the night of June 15–16 proved the worst railway disaster for seven years. At least fourteen people lost their lives and twice as many were badly hurt. A parcels express travelling at 50 m.p.h. crashed into the rear of the second portion of the Newcastle night express which had slowed down against signals to 20 m.p.h. The crash was terrific and many coaches were twisted into scrap iron. The scenes were heart-rending in the darkness and nothing was wanting but an outbreak of fire to produce the fullest tragedy of railway accidents. Because loss of life by passengers in railway trains is so comparatively small, we are apt to assume that automatic safeguards have reached perfection, and that the only risks remaining are from sabotage, human frailty, or act of God. It is not so. Automatic signalling devices are not yet entirely foolproof, or weather-proof, or entirely complete against every combination of circumstances. Every such disaster finds a weak spot in the line of barriers against accident, and almost every victim dies not in vain, but for the lives of future passengers. No doubt the inquiry into the Welwyn disaster will result in the adoption everywhere of still more elaborately efficient safety measures.

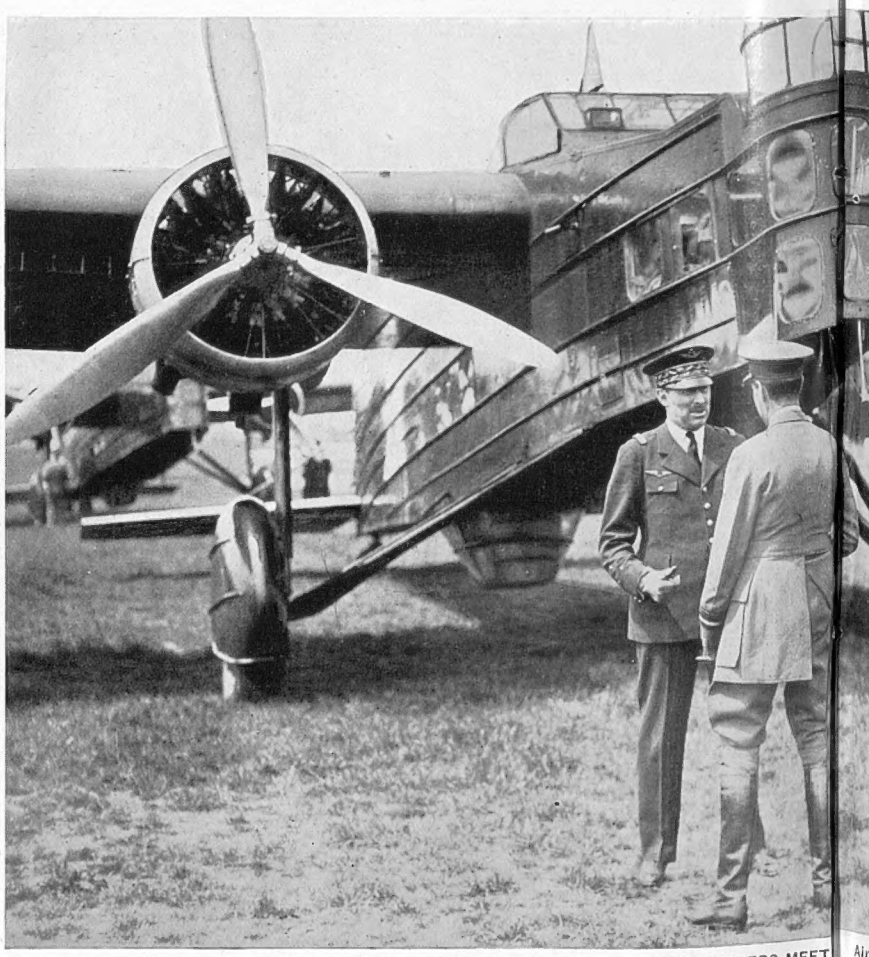
THE OLD STAGER.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ETON LAST SATURDAY: The captains of the school (H. A. Holmes) and of the Oppidans (T. S. Tufton), wearing the formal costumes of knee breeches and silk stockings, seen in conversation with the Queen after they had handed her the gold snuff box of eighteenth-century workmanship, which was the Silver Jubilee present from the school to the King. The ceremony took place in brilliant sunshine on Agar's Plough, the famous cricket ground, and afterwards Her Majesty drove on to Windsor

GRETA GARBO GOES HOME: The famous film actress seen on the liner *Kungsholm* on arrival at Gothenburg, Sweden, a few days ago. The real reason for her unexpected visit to her native country is stated to be that her brother is suffering from a serious chest complaint, and she wishes to be with him during the summer. It was because of this, too, that work on the film *Anna Karenina*, in which Miss Garbo was starring, and which will shortly be shown in England, was specially speeded up

PASSING PAGEANT

MILITARY EXERCISES IN THE NEW FOREST

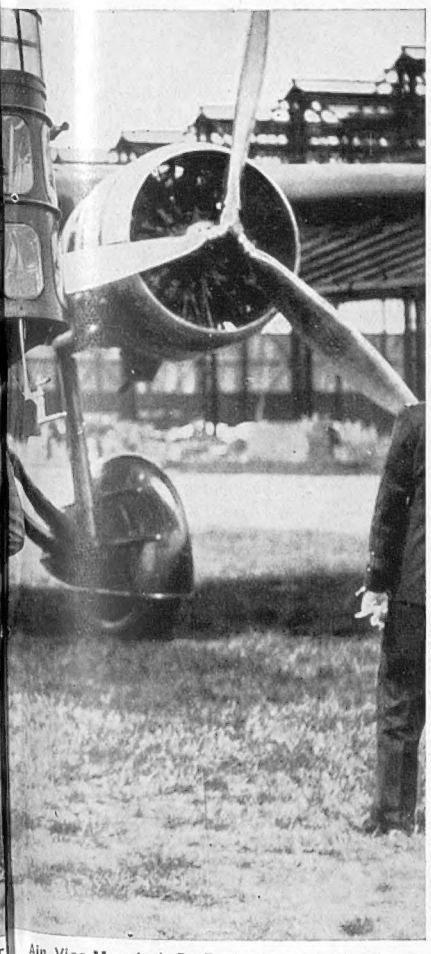


On left—BREAKFAST IN AFRICA, TEA IN LONDON: Captain E. W. Perceval, the well-known aircraft designer, climbing from his aeroplane at Croydon last Monday afternoon after completing a remarkable flight of over 2,300 miles from England to Algeria and back in just under seventeen hours. His machine is a three-seater, 170 m.p.h., Gull monoplane

COMMANDERS MEET: Air Officer Com Massenet d had landed a is in charge o a visit paid by

Cavalry beside a stream in a picturesque Hampshire village during manœuvres carried out by the 3rd King's Own Hussars. These exercises form part of a test, organised for the purpose of discovering how far horses can be superseded by light petrol-driven cars. This particular body of horse was on its way to Southampton; the light cars were endeavouring to envelope them en route

THE START OF FESTIVAL WEEK AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: Admiral Sir Hugh Tweedie, Commander-in-Chief, the Nore, striking six bells on the ship's bell of H.M.S. *Canterbury* at the commencement of the service which was broadcast throughout the Empire last Saturday afternoon, and during which the Primate dedicated ninety-two gifts to cathedrals in various parts of the British Commonwealth and the United States of America

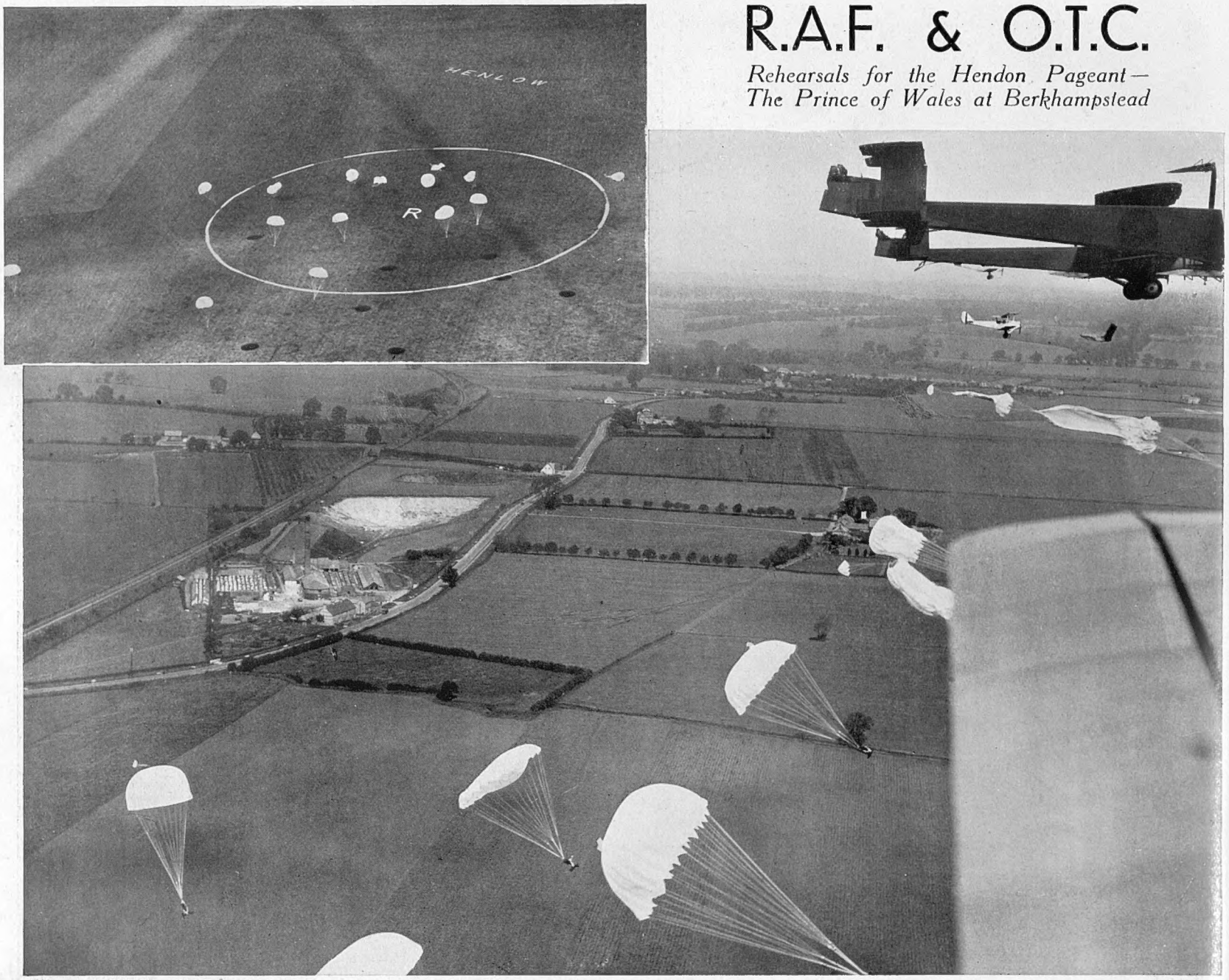


Air Vice-Marshal P. B. Joubert de la Ferté, manding Fighting Area, greeting General R. Marancour (facing camera) after the latter Northolt on Monday. General de Marancour four French bombers, which are returning British machines to France last year

EAST COMES WEST: The Emir Saud, Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, being welcomed on behalf of the King by the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., Lord in Waiting, on his arrival at Victoria Station last Monday afternoon. For the first two weeks of his stay in this country the Emir is the guest of the Government, and an elaborate programme which has been prepared for him includes a flight over London, visits to the Aldershot Tattoo, to Hurlingham, to Wimbledon, to the Royal Air Force display, to Oxford University, and the London Docks. He will receive an audience of the King at Buckingham Palace on June 25, and in the evening will attend Their Majesties' Court. On Thursday next he will be entertained by the Foreign Secretary on behalf of the Government

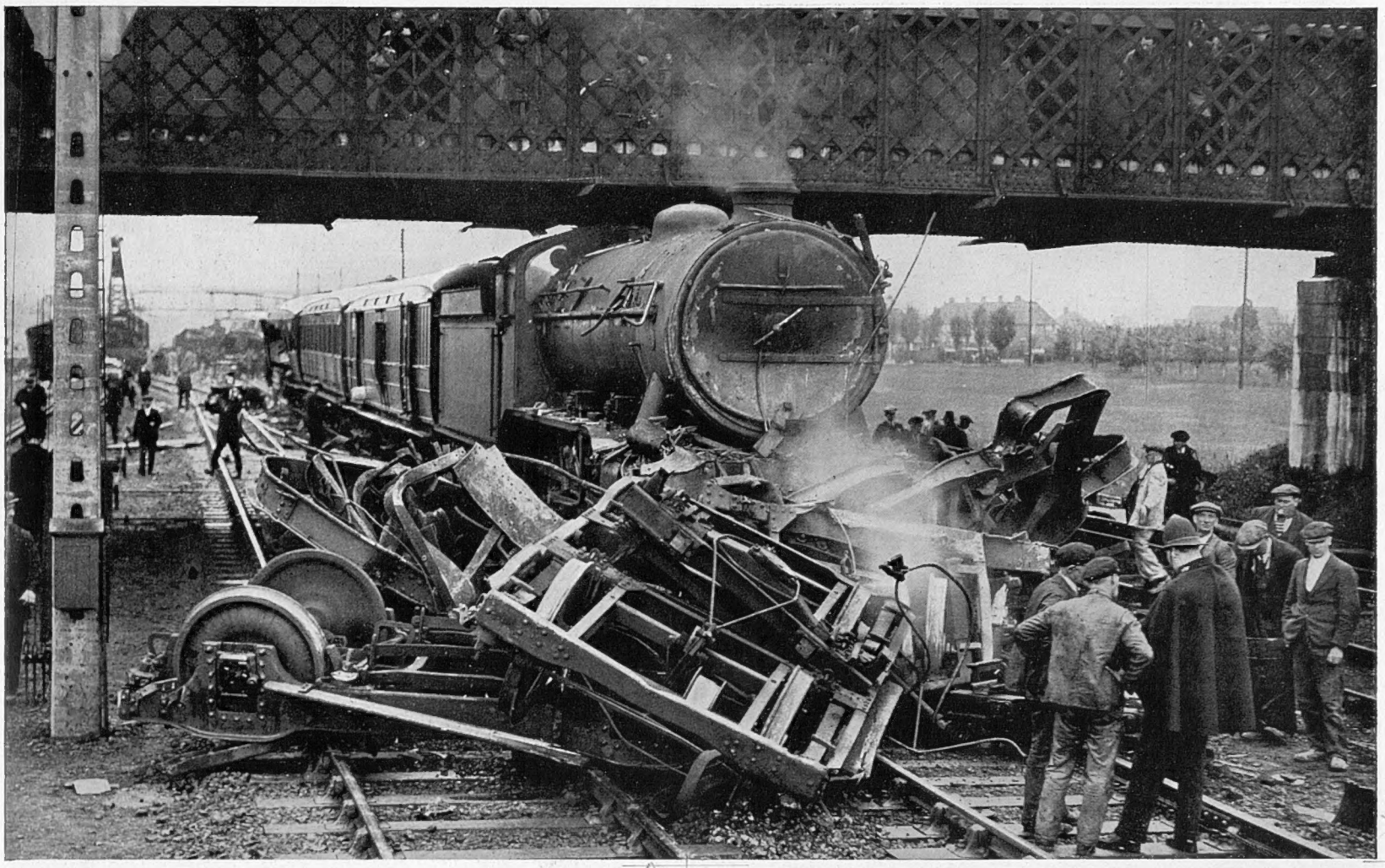
R.A.F. & O.T.C.

Rehearsals for the Hendon Pageant—
The Prince of Wales at Berkhampstead



"THEY FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR . . . .": Parachutes, with dummies attached, gliding simultaneously to earth during rehearsals at Henlow Aerodrome, Bedfordshire, for one of the principal events on the programme in the forthcoming Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon. *Inset above*—Most of the parachutes landing on the white circle which they reach provided the observers release them from the 'planes at the right moment

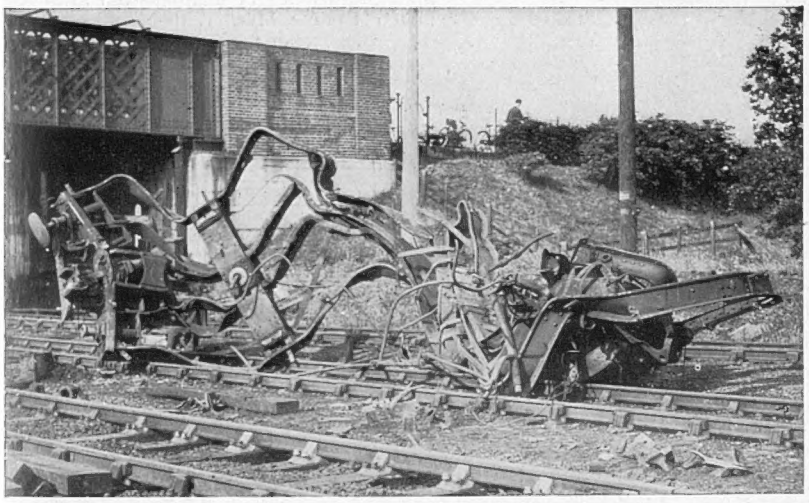
THE PRINCE OF WALES SPEAKS OUT: His Royal Highness inspecting a guard of honour provided by the Officers Training Corps when he visited Berkhampstead School on June 13. Later in the morning he addressed the boys and in a remarkable speech, which has since been much quoted, he said: "It is always a mystery to me that a certain number of misguided people—I will even go as far as to call them cranks—should feel that the only way in which they can express the feeling we all have of abhorrence of war is by discouraging, and if they are in authority prohibiting, any form of healthy discipline and training. Whatever walk of life you go into you will have to submit to discipline. I can think of no better preparation than the healthy training which is given by the O.T.C.s of which I think we are all very proud"



TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: The engine of the Leeds train surrounded by wreckage after it had crashed, when travelling at over 50 m.p.h., into the rear of a Newcastle express on the London and North Eastern Railway at Welwyn Garden City last Saturday night. Fourteen people were killed and thirty injured, and the disaster is said to be the most serious that has occurred in this country since 1928

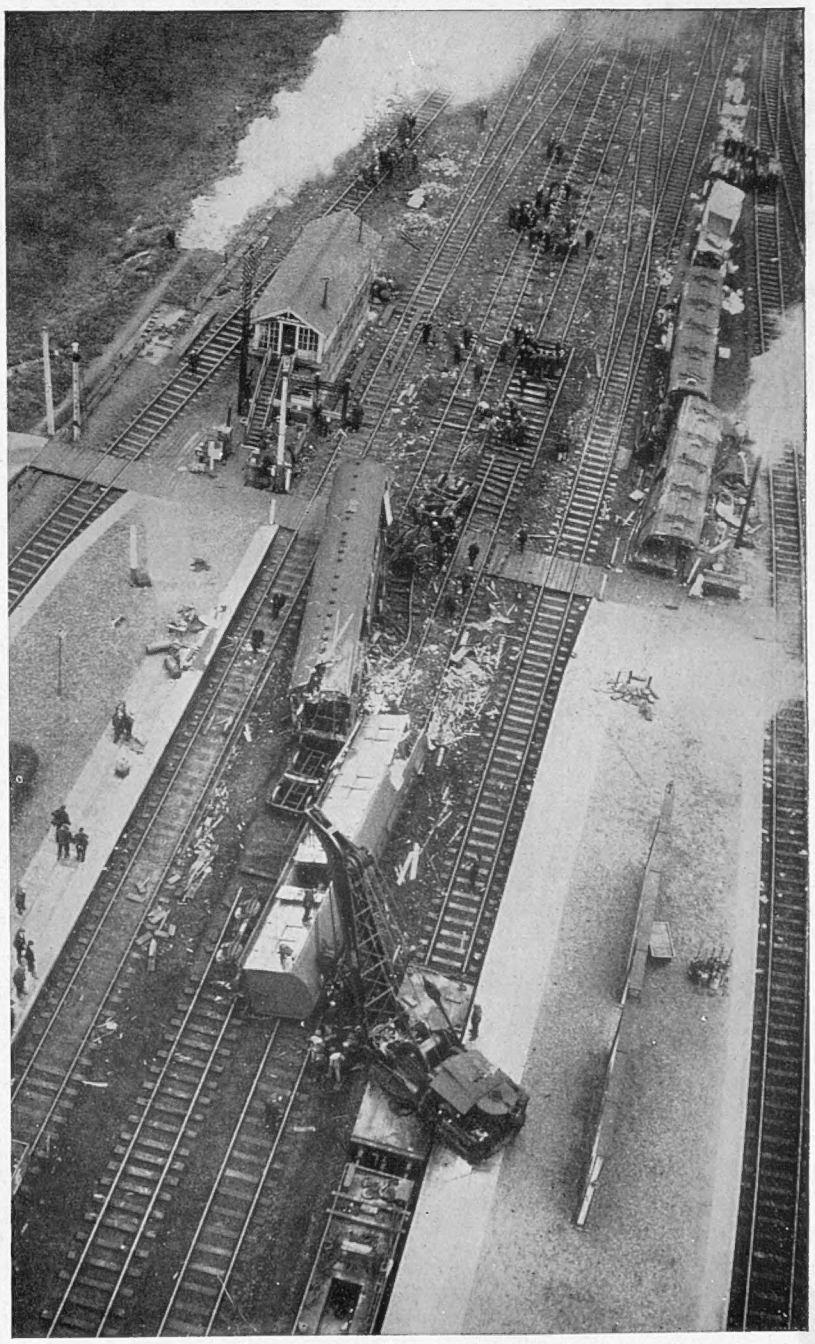
THE WELWYN RAILWAY DISASTER

Two Trains in a Midnight Collision

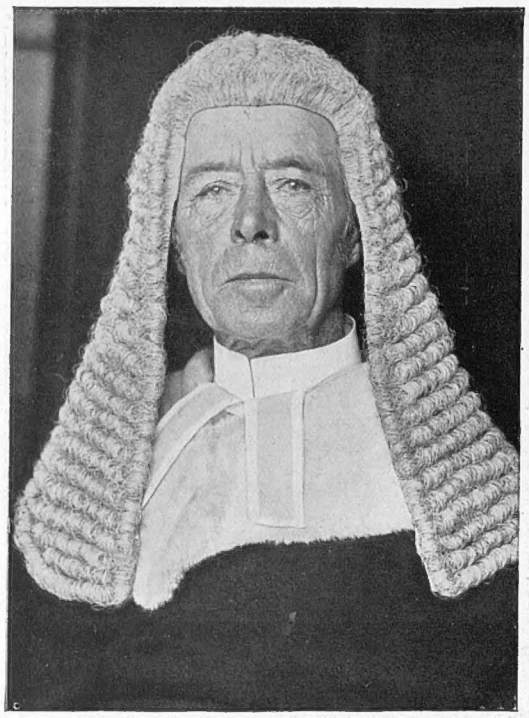


TWISTED OUT OF RECOGNITION BY THE FULL FORCE OF THE COLLISION: All that remained of the rear coach of the Newcastle express, which contained the guard's compartment and some passenger accommodation. The occupants —fortunately there were only a few of them—must have been killed instantly

ASSISTING IN THE RESCUE WORK: Nurses, who had been rushed by special train to Welwyn from King's Cross, at the scene of the disaster after working all night to relieve the sufferings of the injured taken from the wreckage



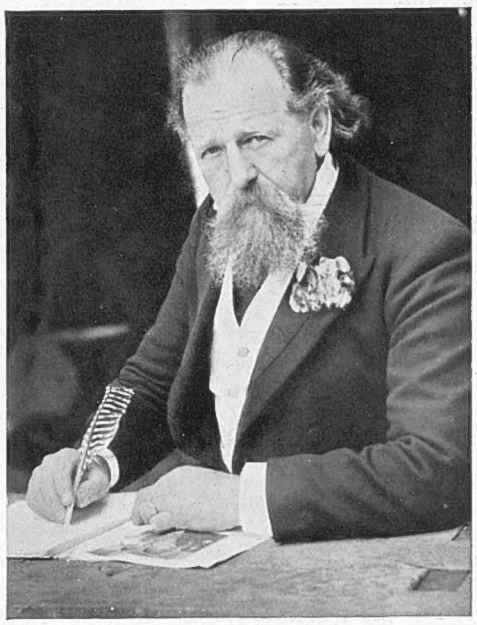
THE MORNING AFTER: An aerial view taken as breakdown gangs were at work removing the battered coaches of the Newcastle express. The most remarkable feature of the accident was the fact that most of the casualties occurred in the middle and rear of the overtaking train and not in the front



THE PASSING OF A GREAT CRIMINAL JUDGE: Sir Horace Avory, who has died at the age of eighty-three. He had been a Judge of the King's Bench for twenty-five years, and during his long career had presided over many important trials, including those of Vaquier, Mahon, and Clarence Hatry

BORN IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM IV AND STILL GOING STRONG: Mrs. Mary J. Stubbin, a niece of the famous artist, John Constable, who has recently celebrated her 103rd birthday. To mark the occasion she took lunch with the Mayor of Richmond

CHRISTENING AT WESTMINSTER: Mr. Roland Robinson, Member of Parliament for Widnes, Lancashire and Mrs. Robinson, seen with their infant son after the ceremony which was held in the crypt of the House of Commons on Monday last



NO NEED FOR MAKE-UP: Mr. John T. Dawes, a Chatham town councillor, who took the part of Charles Dickens in a pageant held a few days ago in Gravesend. His likeness to the famous novelist is remarkable

PERSONALITIES AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: *Left*—Seventeen-year-old Josephine Colebrook who scored a remarkable success in the Driving Marathon, in which she won first prize with her father's chestnuts. She also received a second prize in the class for four-in-hands. *Right*—A picturesquely-clad visitor shows a young friend the sights of the show

First Thoughts on Wimbledon

Dorothy Round and Fred Perry should Retain their Singles Titles, but Britain has no Worthy Challengers for the Doubles

WIMBLEDON will be itself again this year. Mrs. Wills-Moody is to play.

There are few people who have so endeared themselves to the fickle hearts of the crowd as "Little Miss Poker-Face." Next to Borotra, she is easily the most popular figure in the tennis world—and she has never tried to be popular.

Her game after two years' rest seems, at first glance, the same immaculate performance as yesterday. The same accurate length, the same unflurried production, the same quiet mastery. If her footwork is not twinkling like Lenglen's, nor fleet like Mary Heeley's, nor dancing like Miss Hardwick's, it apparently doesn't need to be. Her anticipation is good enough to save her from running.

Yet, after a few victories that augured ill for British players this year, Kathleen Stammers—two years ago an unknown—took a love set off the Invincible and won her match in another ten games.

It seemed almost certain that after such a performance "Kay" would mop up Dorothy Round in the final; Mrs. Wills-Moody seemed to be playing as well as she did when she scraped home against Miss Round in the Wimbledon final of 1933.

But—Dorothy avenged Helen. And Kay lost a love set and the title. She scored only two games in fourteen.

Thus, logically, if:

(1) Kay beats Helen in straight sets; and if
(2) Dorothy beats Kay in straight sets,

Then, as a corollary to the premises,

(3) Dorothy should beat Helen 6—0, 6—0.

But tennis—especially women's tennis—is not soluble by syllogistic logic. Mrs. Wills-Moody might beat Miss Round. In fact, if they are both playing at their best I believe she has a finer chance against Miss Round than Miss Stammers.

Dorothy plays a more orthodox game; flowing, fluent drives, an occasional volley, an occasional drop shot that does not always drop so much as it should. Kay plays for the lines and, when on the top of her game, hits them. Her drop shots fail more often by being too short to clear the net than too long to drag her opponent out of position. She has learned to cut, to drag, to slice. She has gained the art of playing Cochet's game—long, short, long, short, long, short—and then a flashing drive to the far corner.

Miss Stammers' defeat at the hands of Miss Round immediately following her triumph must not be taken too seriously. The reaction after such an effort is stupendous.

In short, *if* Miss Stammers can maintain the form she showed in her match against Mrs. Wills-Moody—a very large "if" indeed, for in fifteen years I have seldom seen such tennis—there is no one—not even Miss Round at her best—to touch her at Wimbledon. But she may prove only a brilliant semi-finalist, or finalist.

If it is a toss-up between Miss Round or Mrs. Wills-Moody, I think this year Miss Round will win. She is faster, more in practice, in better training, and has inevitably the confidence that a run of successes always brings.

Barring bad accidents, the men's title seems certain for Perry. He should be able to account for Austin—he usually does—and Wilmer Allison is finer at doubles than singles. The menace of Crawford continues to decline; and Sidney Woods, once champion, is now not reckoned the best in America. France (alas for the days of Borotra and Cochet and Lacoste!) has Merlin and Boussus, but I cannot see either reaching the final.

Red-headed double Budge, with his top spin back-hand drive, makes another promising newcomer. Perry–Allison would seem the obvious selection for the final—and a fine match it should be. Allison ran Perry to 8—6 in the fifth set in America.

As for Britain's hopes in the men's doubles—we have none. Allison and van Ryn, Borotra and Brugnon, an Australian pair, a German pair, a Czech pair—any of them might and probably would beat any combination we could put into court.

This means unquestionably that Perry or Austin must win both his singles matches in the Davis Cup, and the other must win at least one if we are to hold it.

This should not be beyond the powers of our two singles strings. Austin, although not at his best in a five-setter, is still the most perfect player of classic lawn tennis in the world to-day. Perry is strong as a horse, thrives on long matches, and—if rumour speaks true—has made large financial sacrifices to represent Britain in 1935. So it is to be hoped that the sacrifice will not prove in vain.

But the L.T.A. should take some steps in training a doubles pair. Wilde is not unlike Gregory in style; both are severe overhead—a cardinal requirement in modern doubles; both have a flashing return of service—when it comes off; both are powerful on the initial ball of the rally. If Wilde could—as Miss Stammers has—gain control, and if he also could master the lob—deep enough to evade a smash, low enough to give little time for a return—he would be my first choice for the doubles. With him I would play, not Hughes—whose cut returns are more suited to singles than doubles where there is so much more volleying—but Collins.

The long, angular Scot, with his top spin service and his awkward action, knows the doubles game from A to Z. He has only one weakness—his nerves; I remember his loss in the mixed to a U.S. pair when he was playing with Miss Ridley merely because he tried to take everything, and through "pressing" was taking them badly.

G. R.

IN GOTHIC GERMANY AND RURAL HOLLAND

NAZI REJOICINGS: At Marienburg in East Prussia celebrations in thanksgiving for the return of the Saar to Germany were held recently by members of the V.D.A.—a vast institution for the protection and welfare of Germans working abroad. In this picture a junior contingent is seen marching through the streets with banners. Marienburg is one of the most picturesque towns in Central Europe with its fifteenth-century castle, once the seat of the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order

b

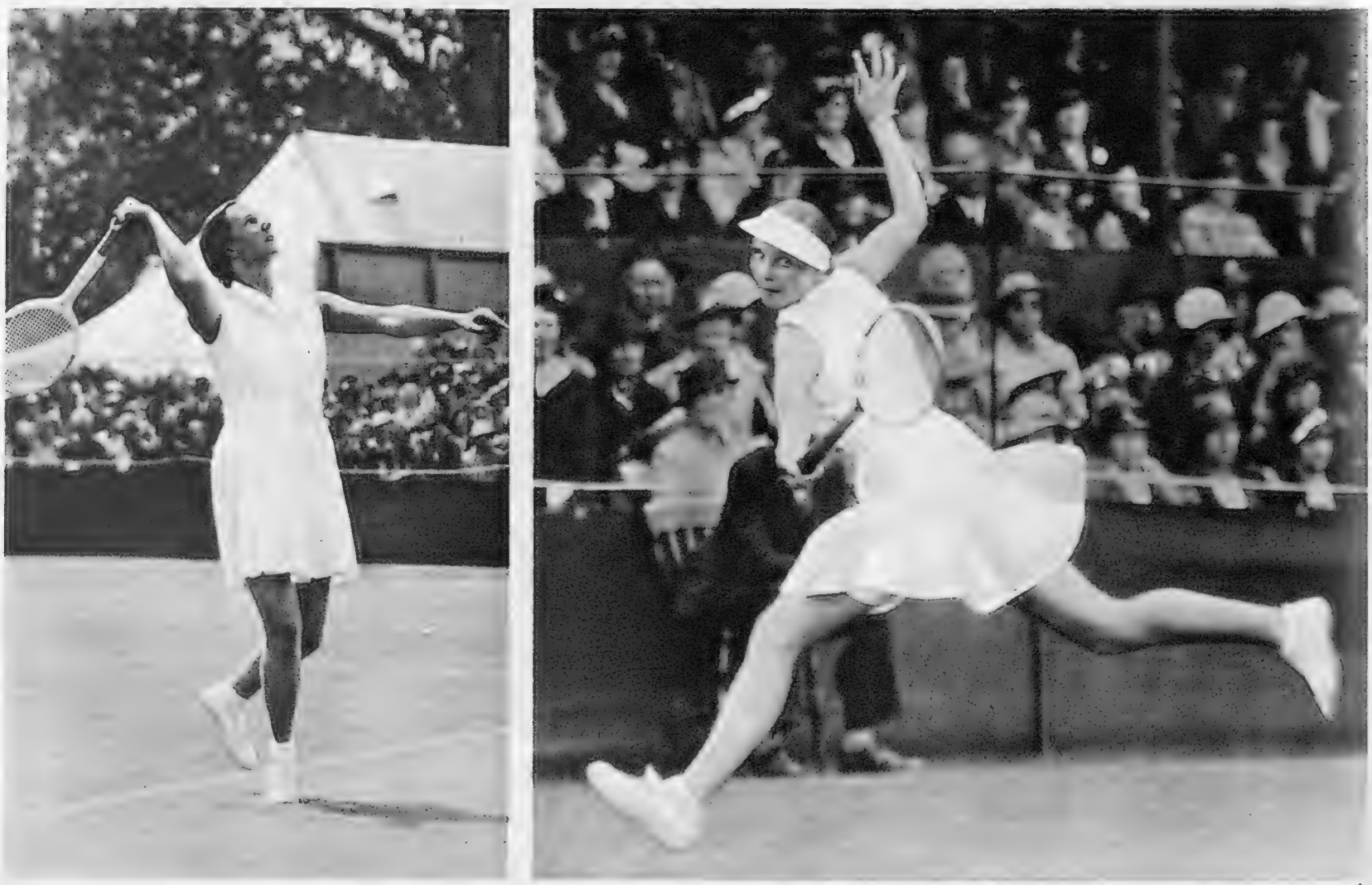
A PASSION PLAY IN THE NETHERLANDS: Two pictures of the annual open-air drama at Tegelen, in the province of Limburg, Holland. In the scene above, in which Christ is replying to his disciples, both grouping and clothes are simple and significant. An exceptionally fine example of the peasant has been found to play the part of our Lord, as is shown in the view on the right, where Mary Magdalene kneels and is forgiven. Over 450 peasants are in the cast

TENNIS SURPRISES

Miss Stammers Demolishes Mrs. Moody and Miss Round Easily Beats Miss Stammers in the Kent Championship

A POTENTIAL WORLD-BEATER: Miss R. M. Hardwick whose brilliant play this year clearly marks her out as a Wimbledon champion of the near future. In last week's tournament at Beckenham she was beaten, 6–4, 7–5, in the second round by Mrs. E. F. Whittingstall whose greater experience and knowledge of how to mix her pace and length proved the deciding factors

AFTER THE GREAT GAME: Miss Kay Stammers and Mrs. Wills-Moody leaving the court following the former's surprising victory over the latter in the semi-final at Beckenham. This was the ex-Wimbledon champion's first defeat in England since she lost to Miss McKane (Mrs. Godfree) eleven years ago



HELEN'S VICTOR VANQUISHED: Miss Dorothy Round *(left)* and Miss Stammers *(right)* in action in the final of the Kent Women's Singles Championship which resulted in a convincing victory for the former by 6–2, 6–0. Miss Stammers, who on the day before had beaten Mrs. Moody in straight sets, was overwhelmed by Miss Round's versatility of strokes and speed about the court. The result augurs well for the future of British tennis and it has become obvious that while Mrs. Moody is much slower than she was, the present Wimbledon champion is improving in every department of the game and stands an excellent chance of retaining her title

"A MUSICIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER"

An Entertaining Dutch Picture to Come Under the Hammer Next Week

This graceful and elegant Dutch interior by Thomas de Keyser, the seventeenth-century painter of Amsterdam, is to be sold at Christie's on June 28. The handsome and debonair gentleman with the mandolin brings a strong Spanish flavour to the picture, while his small daughter is dressed, according to the custom of the time, as a woman of the world, with a black embroidered dress, white lace collar and cuffs, and an ostrich feather fan. De Keyser was among the most eminent painters of his time; the "Group of Amsterdam Burgomasters" and his "Portrait of a Savant" are important pictures in the collection at The Hague Museum; and he is said to have influenced Rembrandt

MASSED MIGHT: A march-past of marines at Yokosuka naval base, one of the principal Japanese Government arsenals and dockyards. It is situated in a commanding position at the entrance to Tokyo Bay

Japan Advances

Without a Shot being Fired She Enters North China and Reaches Another Stage in her Programme of Continental Expansion

THE occupation of North China by the Japanese has begun. On the night of Monday, June 10 the Central Government of China accepted the last of the Japanese demands and steps were immediately taken to carry them out. The two divisions of the National Army stationed in the province of Chihli have been withdrawn, its Governor and his troops removed, the local branches of the Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist organisation, closed down, and the Political Training Department in Peking abolished. By the time these lines appear in print the Japanese garrison in Tientsin, backed by its main army massed at the Great Wall, will be the sole military force left in the province, and the authority of the Central Government north of the Yellow River will be to all intents and purposes extinct. Chinese officials will continue to administrate at Pekin, but they will be "friendly to Japan" like those in Manchukuo. Without a shot being fired, with scarcely a voice raised in anger, Japan has achieved one more stage in her programme of Asiatic expansion.

A BATTLE-SCARRED RELIC: A standard-bearer holding all that remains of the flag of the 4th Regiment of the Japanese Imperial Bodyguard during a march past at a Tokyo barracks in the presence of Prince Yasuhiko on the forty-ninth anniversary of the first presentation of the colours

The inception of this expansion dates from the beginning of the century and was made inevitable by Japan's adoption of Western technical methods and her consequent rise as a great industrial and military nation. Industry gave her the means to raise a large population, but not to feed it without increasing foreign markets, and military power made it possible to seize the nearest market when others throughout the world were closing. The problem of Japan is the problem of a country which can never hope to grow more than a fraction of what its 67,000,000 inhabitants eat. To make up the deficit she must buy food abroad, but she can do so only if she sells goods, and this requires, first, a supply of the necessary raw materials, and, second, a market. In Manchukuo and North China she hopes to find both, and no other explanation is required for her policy there. It is a choice between expanding or starving.

The first sign to the world of Japan's territorial aspirations was given after the Russo-Jap War. Their victory gave the Japanese a firm foothold on the mainland, which was consolidated in 1910 by the annexation of Korea. The eventual ascendency in the Far East of the "little yellow men" was henceforth only a matter of time, although few among the white races were prepared to admit it. Although the Russian dream of an Oriental Empire was shattered, the western nations, headed by Britain and America, were well ensconced in China. Thanks largely to the Anglo-Japanese alliance the balance of influence was kept stable right up to and after the war. During all this period Japan was biding her time.

But in 1931 the opportunity came for a decisive step. The western nations, including the U.S., were in the grip of depression; Europe was divided by differences over reparations; Russia, though getting stronger, was still weak. None of them, Japan knew, had energy to spare for the Far East. It was the moment, if ever, to act. On September 19, 1931, the Japanese troops occupied Mukden and Changchu (afterwards renamed Hsinking), and a few months later, on February 18, 1932, in defiance of the Nine Power Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations, Manchukuo was formally declared an independent State. On March 9 Mr. Henry Pu, formerly the Emperor P'u-yi of China, was made Chief Executive, later to reassume his Imperial title. It is by no means improbable that, under Japanese protection, he will one day reign again in Peking.

For some time after the Manchukuo "incident" opinion was divided as to whether Japan would be content with her new conquest or would seek to extend still farther. In Manchukuo she found many of the raw materials she needed, especially minerals, while gaining almost at one blow the market represented by its 30,000,000 odd inhabitants. It was to be expected, too, that the restoration of order and the economic and political organisation of such a vast territory would be enough to absorb even Japanese energies for a time.

Others, however, more far-sighted, predicted that Manchukuo was only the first step in a continental expansion which might penetrate as far as Tibet to the west and as far as the River Yangtse to the south. Present events confirm this view.

The occupation of Chihli (Hopei) has both a strategical and an economic justification. To the north and west of Manchukuo lie Siberia and Outer Mongolia, in both of which the Red Armies are strongly entrenched. The Japanese militarists have nothing to gain, now that she has ceded her share in the Manchuria railway, in trying conclusions with Russia. It is obviously wiser to push southward across the Great Wall, where the resistance is weakest. For here the only obstacles are weak Chinese forces unable any longer to count on the support of the western Powers, despite the considerable financial interests some of the latter—Britain foremost—possess in their country. The control of Chihli, moreover, secures the flank of Manchukuo and facilitates operations in Inner Mongolia, if at any time these become necessary in order to counteract Soviet influence stretching southward.

NIPPON'S GROWING ARMY: An animated scene in front of the Tokyo barracks of the Third Infantry Regiment on January 20 when recruits were enrolled throughout the country. The enthusiasm was tremendous and the military authorities had no difficulty in obtaining all the men they required

Nobody, in fact, who has been watching the situation can pretend to be surprised by the latest development. The only unexpected aspect is the complete docility of the Central Chinese Government. But this only shows how little confidence Nanking possesses, either in its own strength, or in the effectiveness of the assistance which the other Powers are likely to render it.

G. M.

FROM OLD PEKING *to* NANKING THE MODERN

NEW CHINESE ARCHITECTURE: Three pictures of modern Occidental buildings on the Broad Boulevard at Nanking. Above is the Supreme Court, a handsome combination of grey brick and white stone

THE HOME OF THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT: On the left is the Ministry of Justice, a buff-coloured building with red roof and gold dome, and on the right is the dark brown Ministry of Foreign Affairs

THE LOST GLORIES OF IMPERIAL CHINA: As the modern capital of Nanking develops so the old city of Peking declines. In compliance with the Japanese demands of last week most of the military and governmental power has been transferred to the new capital, and Peking, the former centre of Chinese affairs, has lost still more of its ancient prestige. Above is a view of the Dragon Wall in the famous Peking Palace, with its magnificent stone carvings and metal work, which through so many epochs has guarded the entrance from evil spirits

BAMILEKÉ BASKET CARRIERS: Two women of the Cameroons, with a clever device for transporting weighty goods; water they carry in a dried cucumber. Their satiny-brown skins are ornamented with knife cuts, and sometimes pebbles or little bones are inserted in the skin, as is probably the case with the woman on the left

A FAMILY GROUP outside their jungle hut—the mother, father, eight children, and probably, the grandfather

THE CHIEF OF BANDJOU in full dress, which consists of a tunic covered with a large number of little bells and an imposing head-dress of feathers

AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S: The black fuzzy hair of a Togo lady is twisted into the tight coiffure which seems to be the fashion in the jungle. She is accompanied by her fat, chocolate-coloured baby and her small son

NATIVE LIFE IN THE CAMEROONS

CHILDREN OF TROPICAL AFRICA

By W. ADDISON

(The writer was formerly a Political Officer in the Protectorate of Sierra Leone, controlling some 500,000 natives occupying some 10,000 square miles of territory. But it is of the little brown children, who evidently very much won his heart, that he here writes)

HUMAN nature is very much the same all the world over. Physical differences there are in plenty—round eyes, slit eyes, white skins, and black—and conditions of life vary tremendously.

I lived for twenty years in the Colony and Protectorate of Sierra Leone, where the people are of the negro race. They are not actually black; there are very few jet black skins in Sierra Leone; "chocolate brown" describes them best. Now and again a "white negro" is met with, an albino, a pure negro born with a white skin and cream-coloured hair.

British West Africa, a very important part of the Empire, has an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles, a population of millions; supplies us with valuable raw materials, and buys our manufactured goods. Its people fought side by side with us in the great war, faithful in battle as in peace. The climate is tropical; very hot in summer, or the dry season, when there are wonderful sunsets. In winter, the wet season, the rainfall is enormous; in some parts of Sierra Leone in five months it can equal that in England for over five years. Streams which were mere trickles of water are transformed into raging, roaring torrents, and it is extremely difficult to keep dry. Rivers overflow their banks and flood the valleys for miles around. At times storms of terrifying crashes of thunder, dazzling lightning, and a tearing, rushing wind sweep over the land, driving man and beast to shelter.

British Administration has accomplished much in the way of improvement in quite a short time, for it is not long since the tribes were constantly at war, secret murder societies flourished, and all sorts of superstitions and queer beliefs were rife. A great deal still remains to be done, however, and the continued advancement of the Colony and our interests there can be greatly helped by a proper understanding of the youthful section of the community.

Fundamentally the children of Sierra Leone are very much like ours. They are just as high-spirited, just as full of mischief, just as fond of a romp.

During infancy they sleep away the days like any other babies. While they are still too young to walk the mothers carry their little ones astride their backs, just above the hips, the baby sitting inside the cloth which forms the mother's dress. There are no perambulators or go-carts in Sierra Leone.

These jolly little people with beaming shiny faces and rather large "tummies" run about wearing no clothes until they are five or six years old. Then the boys rather proudly don a very neat little shirt which they wear (except while it is in "the wash") until they enter man's estate, when they put on a little more; perhaps a handkerchief round the middle with a short gown covering the body, or a vest and a shirt, or they might swagger about in a "country gown." This is a picturesque garment made from "country cloth" which they design, dye, and weave by hand in their own looms from their own cotton.

WEST AFRICAN CHILDREN WITH THEIR MOTHERS: The woman on the right is carrying her baby in a sling which is made as part of her garment

A string of beads is a small girl's first article of apparel. When she is a little older a handkerchief is worn, tied at the side signifying that the wearer is not married. After marriage a "country cloth" or a handsome piece of material imported from abroad, possibly England, is swathed gracefully round her body and fastened in front.

Very few of the children attend school, because there are not many institutions of this character, but where they are given the opportunity they simply love it.

The children of the bush have not the toys we have for people of their age. They have simple games, of course. The most exciting one I saw was made by balancing a bamboo pole on top of a post. A youngster sat astride at each end, and two others ran round pushing the balanced pole until it got up quite a good pace. They found it great fun. One of my men and I wanted to try it but the pole began to groan, so we had to get down, amid shrieks of laughter.

On the coast fishing is not only a local industry, it is a favourite pastime as well, and small boys learn to fish as soon as they can walk. Traps are set in front of the advancing tide. A bent stick is baited and when a fish nibbles at the bait the vibration releases a catch, the stick straightens with a jerk and the fish is hoisted clear of the water, where it hangs struggling until a wet, shiny, brown body leaps forward with a hoot of triumph. Shouting with joy he "bags" his catch, re-baits the hook, re-sets the trap and hides again to "look see" for the next unwary fish.

AN UNMARRIED GIRL whose rank is denoted by the handkerchief tied at the side of the head. With her lithe and strong figure she can swim like a fish and work like a man

There is a charming absence of shyness among the children. I still see with my mind's eye a shiny satin-skinned little fellow of about two years of age who took my hand as I passed through a village. When we reached the bush he glanced over his shoulder at his mother sitting on her doorstep smiling at us both. Looking up at me with friendly bright eyes he let go of my hand and with shouts of laughter rushed to the arms of his delighted mother.

In a few years these young people will be grown up and taking active parts in the life of their country. There is a bright future for the Colony and the Protectorate under the Union Jack and a right system of education for the children.

MODERNITY IN ABYSSINIA : *Some New Pictures from the Capital*

THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT ADDIS ABABA, THE CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA : An effective building designed and erected by European architects, in simple modern style, with wide stone steps leading down to the wide square in front

THE WAR MINISTRY is built like a bungalow (all Abyssinian buildings being long and low), with shuttered windows and a veranda, and is shaded by tall trees

ABYSSINIAN AIR POWER consists of some eight or nine aeroplanes; most of them are French machines but the fleet also includes a German Junker 'plane and a Dutch Fokker. The Abyssinians have a good reputation as pilots

AN UP-TO-DATE SHOPPING CENTRE: Addis Ababa, whose cinema-cum-dance-hall, restaurant, hotel, drug store, and American bar give it an almost Occidental air

A MILITARY INSPECTION of a body of Abyssinian troops by the head of the Belgian Mission which has organized and trained the modern army. The white gown of ancient days has been discarded for the standard tunic

IN SEALED QUETTA

A "Sphere" Bird's-eye View of the Deserted City and some New Pictures of the Destruction Wrought by the Earthquake

THE GARRISON CHURCH AT QUETTA: This stone-built gable, with its Gothic window, crashed and broke through the roof of the portico below

Drawn by D. Macpherson from personal description

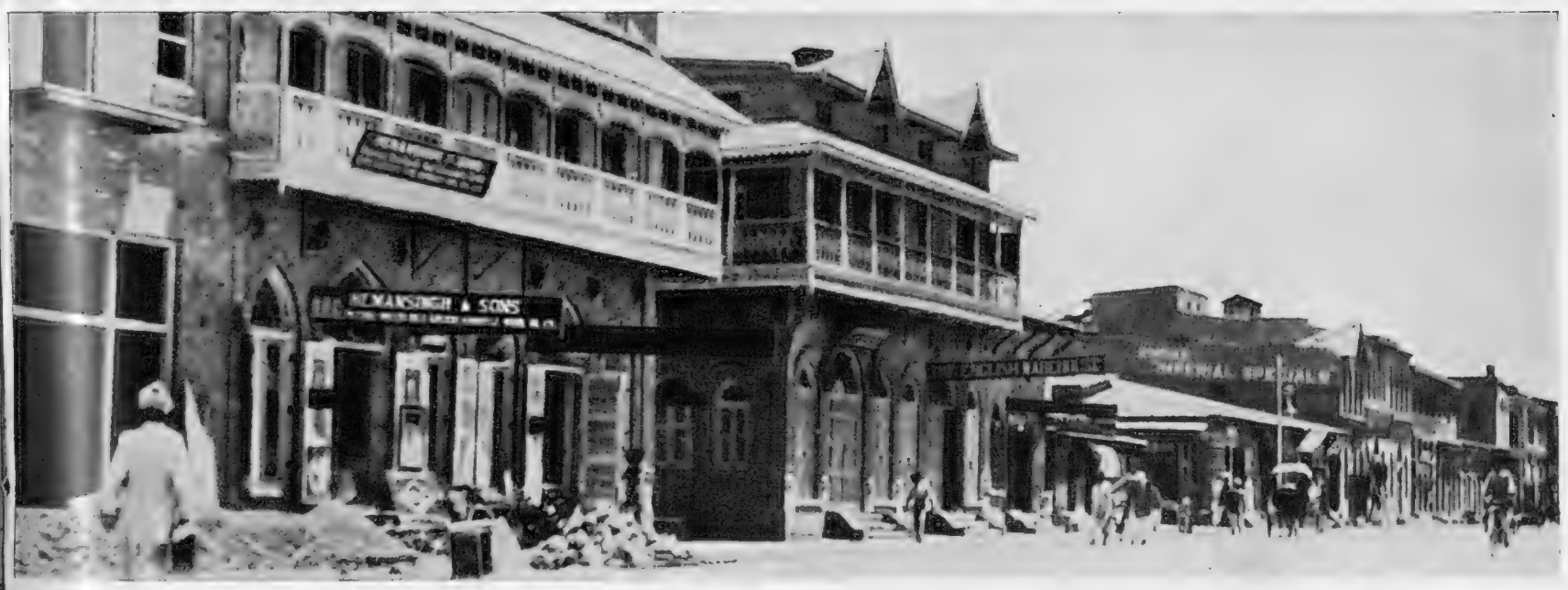
THE WIRED-IN AREA OF QUETTA: This bird's-eye view of the city shows, in the middle distance, the wrecked shop and bazaar area. Beyond are the Residency buildings on a low level, the racecourse, and the R.A.F. quarters. More to the right are the British cantonments and Staff College, lying closer under the surrounding hills. This area escaped the general destruction by reason of its being built upon rock, whereas the low-lying area was all built on a sedimentary deposit which was rocked violently. There are no reports of great fissures occurring

A SPECIAL POLICE MESSENGER in the service of Sir Norman Cater, Agent to the Governor-General, whose activities on behalf of the people of Quetta have been manifold

The Government of India stated last week that with the transfer of wounded to hospitals in India the medical situation in Quetta is reaching normality. Stringent precautions against outbreak of epidemic diseases are, however, still essential. In the interests of public health, Quetta remains closed under a guard of military and police, and no indication can be given at present as to when it will be possible to restart salvage operations. In the meantime the Government of India wish to assure those whose property is buried in the ruins that the vigilance of the authorities for the protection of private property will not be relaxed

A MASS OF DEBRIS: Scattered bricks and sheets of corrugated iron that were once the officers' club, an example of complete annihilation wrought by the earthquake. A spectator said that it was as though a battery of guns had been turned on to the town

PARTIAL DESTRUCTION: The Quetta post office, where two gables were shattered but the walls withstood the shock. After the earthquake all private messages had to be transmitted by military wireless



BEFORE AND AFTER: Above is a view of one of the main streets of Quetta, with busy people at their shopping. Below, on the right, is the same scene after the earthquake; here and there a shop-keeper's name board is visible among the general wreckage of roofs and floors

DESTRUCTION AT THE RAILWAY STATION, where the big galvanised iron roof was torn from the walls, and slid into an extraordinary position on some adjacent roofs

THE MIRACLE OF KRUPPS

How the Nations are Supplying Germany with War Material. Described by

FERDINAND TUOHY

THE ARMY: The German infantryman undergoes rigorous athletic training, as is shown in this picture of a Berlin Guard trooper performing on the bar in full equipment

THE annual report of Krupps shows a profit of £330,000 compared with a loss of £150,000 in the preceding year (when the Nazis were also in power). Gain in twelve months—£480,000.

When the story of these immediate times comes to be examined in perspective it may be found to contain no more bemusing chapter than that related to German Re-arming, Means Evolved to Meet Payment for.

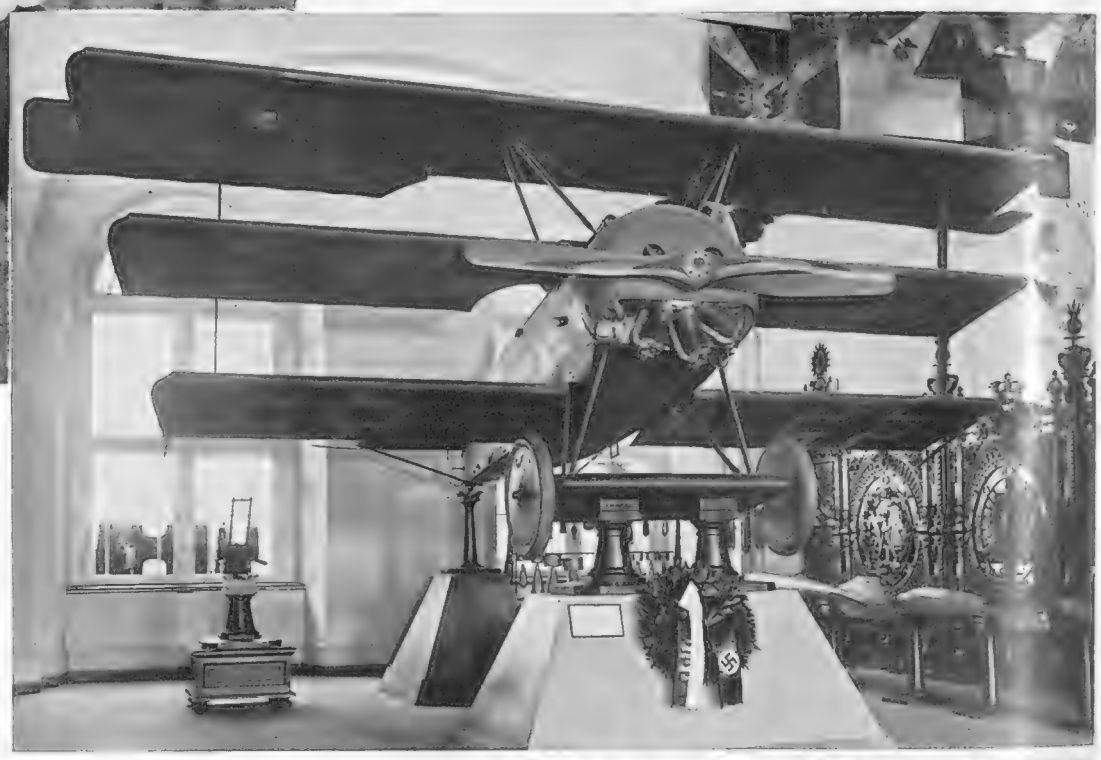
Here was a country as good as boycotted in exports, cut off from loans, its name as creditor "mud," immersed in debt, possessing a gold coverage of £7,000,000 (it may be less now) in its national banking institute, yet which was able to conjure from financial nowhere a might of armed forces capable of spreading alarm in every corner of Europe. Here was a country, also, which blew sky high overnight the complacent dogma of so many leading economists that there couldn't be a war because the nations were too poor.

"Where's Germany going to get the money to re-arm, anyway?" How familiarly that echoes back from the International political lounges of more recent years: Geneva, Lausanne, London, Paris. If we have not the answer in detail yet, perhaps sufficient of it lies to hand to justify an interim report.

The phenomenon sprang to life for me a short while ago when I erred into the neighbouring Ruhr while awaiting an appointment at Düsseldorf. What might Essen—Krupps—be like now? As an old Ruhr hand, I was interested. Naturally one couldn't talk with anybody there; that would be fatal. But one could observe, absorb. The general contemporary suspicion-barrage was making one quite good at observing and absorbing.

I found a Krupps going full tilt (actually, 83 per cent. of capacity production, though I was not to know that until later). The famous chimney landmarks seemed to be uniformly smoking, the hammering of workshops and the glow of foundries took up the tale, engines whistled, sirens sounded, goods trains criss-crossed, 'buses scuttled this way and that full of workmen, there was a constant procession afoot of miners, lorries polluted the air with their crude oil. The streets, the shops, the whole business showed life and activity, "things doing," that happy rarity of an industrial area in the nineteen-thirties. Prices might be up and wages down and merchandise poor in quality, but that was not the point. Here was a re-enactment locally of what one had seen in the boom years, 1923–27, after the disappearance of the mark, and when Germany's industrial plant was being superbly re-conditioned, modernized, and rationalized, thanks to foreign loans.

I sat down at the hub of things and proceeded to have an attack of what I believe is known as the bitter disillusionment of the war generation. Part of the British Army's mandate after the advance to the Rhine had been to put this district, Krupps, out of action save in the matter of the manufacture of agricultural machinery.



THE AIR: This 'plane, flown by Baron von Richthofen, Germany's most famous war pilot, is now a Berlin museum piece

"Of course" (I said) "they are making agricultural machinery. You can't keep a great nation down!"

And that led to a long train of thought (because I have never subscribed to the latter cliché) culminating in a more practical reflection that one might try and find out how this pulsing Ruhr had been brought to life in chronic depression by a nation figuratively without a bean. I had known this brand of Ruhr was due. That had been borne in on me in the Saar. Germans who still could talk then had pointed out: "The Ruhr will be the testing point of Hitler's ability to keep going. Always in the past this endowed territory has acted as a barometer of German prosperity or the reverse, sending or not a rich and vital stream coursing through the veins of the whole country. It must be so again now. It is far from being merely a question of armaments. Hitler must set things going again, and the one way it seems he can do it happens to be by re-arming. It is as much a domestic social issue as a policy of throwing off Versailles." Still, one may have been duly prepared, and yet have moved off from Essen, marvelling.

The miracle of Krupps, as some of the Continental Press is calling it, has been primarily achieved by two Germans, Schacht and Thyssen, conspicuously aided by foreign firms, companies, and enterprises. At the risk of over-simplification the story is reduced to (*a*) consummate financial juggling, (*b*) barter and ersatz raw material, (*c*) exploitation of foreign creditors and over-readiness of these to respond. The old story of British shells having been fired on us by the Turks pales into relative insignificance beside what is being prepared in the same line now, though not by Britain alone, it goes without saying.

One finds a tale which shows up the current international system in all its self-injuring, perhaps self-killing frailty. Even countries which above all others have cause to fear a puissantly re-armed Germany are blithely contributing to our "miracle." Checked enquiry reveals that France is selling large quantities of Lorraine iron ore to help rebuild the German war machine. Not to be outdone, the Soviet, now in open alliance with France against Germany, is contributing the bulk of the Reich's needs in the matter of manganese, vital for the process of steel hardening. In the no less key realm of nickel we step in. England and Canada find it economically impossible to resist the opportunity of giving Hitler all he wants in this direction, without which, where would his shells and fuses be? Lack of nickel very nearly beat them last time, you may remember. But what does that matter? "If we didn't supply them the United States and Norway

MILITARY MANŒUVRES near Oberammergau, in which soldiers of a Bavarian mountain troop are experimenting with a gun from a concealed firing position

would "—so runs the argument, and naturally there is much to it, though these two could not deliver what we do.

In the matter of tin, the Dutch East Indies and British Malaya are being highly useful and considerate. And whatever may be said in the House of Commons, members know perfectly well that the aeroplane engines and parts being exported by us to Germany are destined for machines which, if they are designated as "commercial" to-day, should be able to give a remarkably good account of themselves as bombers to-morrow. I cannot vouch for the foreign assertion that we are also now supplying submarine parts, but such boomerang behaviour would be far from "unthinkable," as affairs are merrily proceeding.

Sweden is pouring in iron ore, and Spain is shipping as much as she can get orders for, and possesses. But such, you might say, are "neutrals," though whether there would be any neutrals next time is indeed an open question. Copper, so vital that the Germans are making the same inventory of it, internally, that they had to do

An Analysis of Recent German Finance

(1) No further Budgetary statements are being made; everything wrapt in darkness and conjecture.

(2) In general, the collective wealth of 60,000,000 people has been "taken over" as in the war.

(3) The main prop consists in the flotation of loans known as Work-Making Credits with the Reichsbank, private banks, and credit institutions; these loans are renewable in three months and repayable over the years up to 1938. How much has so far been hypothecated on the future in this manner it is not possible to say. In 1933–34 alone the total is believed to have attained £550,000,000. (American reckoning places it considerably less).

(4) Private industry has had forced upon it a separate work-making programme involving a sum of over £150,000,000. (All figures at present rate of exchange).

(5) The Government has lately begun by borrowing £39,000,000 from the savings banks and contemplates financing further expenditure from the same quarter, the people's savings.

(6) The insurance companies were called upon for a like preliminary sum, and the intention is to apply similar pressure here, by compelling companies to invest in Government stock.

(7) The resources of all the banks are being "mobilised"; interest due to foreign creditors seized; dividends over 6 per cent. confiscated. The "Winter Help," which is relief to the Government, is bringing in about £40,000,000 a year by as good as compulsory subscription.

(8) Great conversion loans are scheduled, with no choice for holders, and reducing interest from 6 to 4½ per cent.; the way is being prepared, it is thought, for a compulsory national public loan.

in 1914–18 when every Belgian carillon was marked down, copper is being generously supplied from more than one quarter, notably the United States and the Belgian Congo. Even "gallant little Belgium" joining in the perilous dance!

The above are not a collection of philanthropists—how is it all being paid for? We shall come to that presently. For the moment, to round out the tale, the uncanny German aptitude for wangling and cunning gains new victories by fixing up barter deals. Of those approached, only the United States have so far declined to supply war-waging raw material (cotton) in exchange for German goods; and promptly Berlin has turned to Egypt instead. Will Egypt take German coal in exchange for its cotton? Meanwhile Berlin is receiving fats and minerals from Kemal in return for railway engines; more metals from Hungary in exchange for manufactures; and a swooping barter deal was done with Norway by which the Reich became possessed of the entire Norwegian whale oil stock, serviceable for ersatz butter in the event of a conflict hemming in Germany. Just now Berlin is fixing up a barter deal in relation to Venezuelan petrol. And Chili is apparently ready to swop nitrates for German manufactures, and South Africa, wool for the same.

The miracle of Krupps is further sustained by an all-in mobilisation by Germany herself of every blessed ounce of steel and mineral by-products such as normally would be exported in great quantities. Such exports have, by command, fallen away almost to vanishing point.

All comes as grist to the mill of Fritz Thyssen who took what seemed to be a longish chance in embracing Nazi-ism, in 1932, and to-day finds his judgment copiously rewarded. The second of the dynasty has brought off a coup that would have delighted his eccentric old parent, August. Schacht may have been tugged along in this arming business. Thyssen of course leapt at it, and with him, Hugo Stinnes II whose coal mines and coke works throughout Westphalia maintain a rhythm in harmony with the bigger neighbour's activities. Thyssen is miracle-worker-in-chief in delivering the goods, the Führer's "Man of Steel," member of the Reich and Prussian Councils of State, brain that worked out on paper how this whole colossal wangle could be put through. And now behold him "sitting pretty" (if the expressive term be allowed) in his Schloss Landsburg behind Mülhausen, the statesman-industrialist who deals in politics and war and peace, virtual dictator of 170,000 of his own workpeople, once Bolshevik almost to a man, yet who to-day clock in punctually to pile up the wherewithal for smashing a way into Russia.

But who pays, and how? Hjalmar Schacht has had one important failure. Last year he was ill-informed enough to boast that Germany would be able to evolve substitutes for the principal raw materials she could no longer acquire by importation, owing to lack of foreign currencies with which to pay for them. There is certainly no lack of ersatz; you hear of Vistra, Wollstra, Rayonstra, and Sileksta (substitutes for cotton, wool, and silk); moreover, of Zellstra, Cuprana, Seelo, Flira, and Angorina, with regard to certain of which I regret to say I am lost. But most of these freaks have no wear in them, and some were wanted to clothe and equip the new army. The bitter truth has had to be swallowed that ersatz won't do except in the one case of extracting petrol from domestic soft coal. Artificial rubber has been found to cost three times as much as the best raw rubber, and experiments with cotton contrived from wood fibre are leading in the same direction. In short, ersatz is proving a prohibitive luxury, for all Germany's technical genius.

But in a second and transcending field the wily Schacht has thus far got away with it, thereby becoming co-miracle-worker-in-chief with Thyssen. By a dizzy manipulation, by posing, the Government hand over all funds in Germany, the Reichsbank president is tortuously managing to finance the re-arming even to the extent of satisfying current foreign creditors. Latest returns show Germany as owing nearly £150,000,000 for merchandise supplied or as interest on back indebtedness, yet that does not appear to interrupt the flow of raw materials from abroad. It is presumed that shippers are not giving voluntary credit, even that they are being accorded priority payment. Whence comes the money?

Whence come the marks to meet the colossal re-arming bill, leaving out of count the further enormous financial commitments arising from the Nazis' general social policy, stunts, and subsidies? The annexed table may at least clarify "the payment mystery" in some degree indicate the extent of the juggling, the pressure, and the gambling that are being resorted to.

On the billions of marks thus being taken from the hat by conjuror Schacht, the Ruhr has first call so that Nazi Germany's heartbeat may be maintained.

The ball may be kept rolling for some time yet; the Reich enjoys a relatively small internal debt (some £300,000,000), while there is still devaluation of the dear mark to fall back upon; but of course there is bound to come an end. It is the certainty of this, and that Germany is deliberately banking on something ahead, in the future, that halts the attention. How else can the Nazis hope to tackle one half the gigantic difficulties they have ushered—take the lot of the 12,000,000 Germans who have lived by an export trade now nearly all lost! What are they going to do when the present boom or miracle is over?

THE NAVY: At the recent Skagerrak Naval Festival at Stettin, German power on land and sea was represented by Field-Marshal von Mackensen and the Chief of the Fleet, Vice-Admiral Förster. In honour of the occasion streets in the town were given the names of German naval heroes. The cruiser on the right is the *Admiral Scheer*

NEW

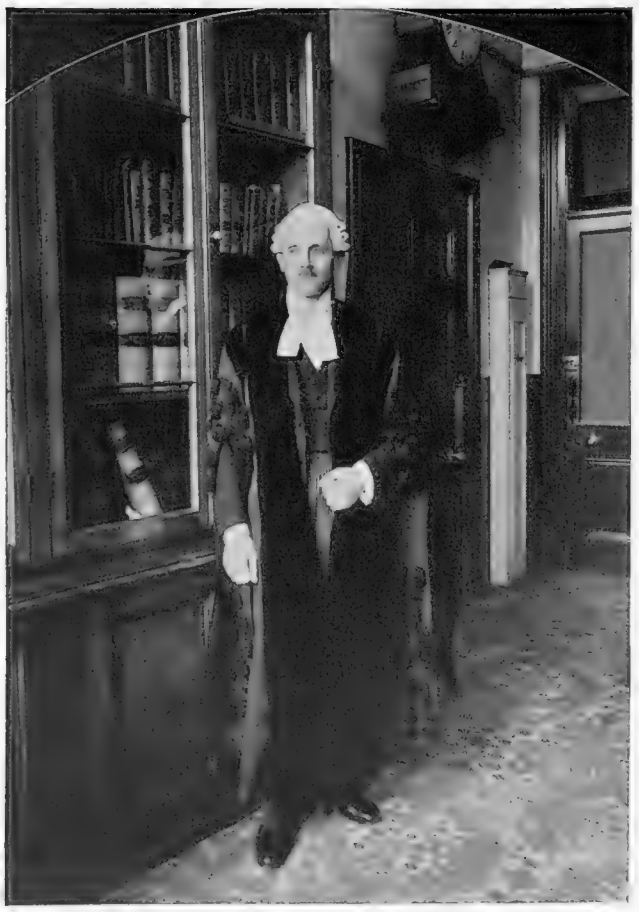
NEW YORK'S 40,000,000-DOLLAR LINK: Bronx, Queens, and Manhatt

TWO BALTIC STRUCTURES that will conne and Jutland, carrying both rail and road Rugen. The embankment will pass throug

BRIDGES IN TWO CONTINENTS: To Connect Three Boroughs of New York, and Two Islands of the Baltic

NK: Two views of the new Triborough Bridge which, when completed, will be 17,710 ft. long, with fourteen steel and concrete spans and viaducts. It will connect up the boroughs of anhattan. Above, on the left, is a vista of concrete arch supports, as seen from the Astoria side, while directly above is a closer view of the steel suspension cables

connect islands with the mainland. On the extreme left is a striking view of the intricate steel latticework of the Little Belt Bridge, which will stretch between the Island of Funen d road traffic. The two other pictures show the construction of the dam from Stralsund, a port on the northern shore of the German Province of the same name, to the Island of s through the smaller island of Danholm. In the left-hand picture Stralsund can be seen in the background, while on the right is the partly constructed bridge from Stralsund to Danholm



MR. PARKER MORRIS, LL.B., who, as Town Clerk of Westminster, is a very important person in the list of London officials

THE Centenary of Local Government

The Town Clerk—His Work and Characteristics

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE subject of town clerks is doubly topical at the moment. This is the centenary of Local Government, and town clerks, after all, are the senior administrative officers of borough councils. And, as I write, the plum of the profession—if I may so call it—has just fallen into the mouth of one of the six leading town clerks of the country. This is the town clerkship of the City of London. Certainly for prestige and probably for salary it is, I repeat, the apex of the town clerk's ambition.

To go back 2,000 years we find in the Acts of the Apostles—to be exact, the nineteenth chapter—a most illuminating sidelight on the duties of these very important people. It reads: "And when the town clerk had appeased the people he said, 'Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how the city of Ephesus is a worshipper of the great Goddess Diana?' . . . And when he had thus spoken he dismissed the assembly."

All told there are 350 members of the Society of Town Clerks in England. There are probably fifty or sixty others who do not belong to this important body. Of necessity they are most retiring men, and yet each year they affect the spending of probably £100,000,000. Their salaries vary from £200 a year (in the case of some solicitor who acts also as assistant town clerk) to £4,000 or £5,000 a year. Their importance has been signalised by the granting of knighthoods to the President of the Society, Mr. William Board (town clerk of Nottingham), and Mr. A. M. Oliver (town clerk of Newcastle-on-Tyne). Considering the immense amount of work they do, town clerks are not, in my opinion, particularly well paid, especially when you realise that they have to contribute a great deal of money each year to local charities, though of course not so much as the mayor, and also have to put aside perhaps as much as £250 a year towards their pension. What is more, they have no real security of tenure. While on the one hand they must give due notice of their intention to leave to the Council two or three months beforehand, the Council can fire them at a moment's notice.

The town clerk's position in a borough is analogous to that of the editor of a national newspaper. He sits at the top, so to speak, of the genealogical tree of departments. The editor is the ultimate court of appeal for his foreign editor, his news editor, his chief sub-editor, his feature editor, his literary editor, his sports editor, and even his crossword puzzle editor, and woman's page editor. The town clerk in a country borough has to be responsible for the gas, water, electricity, trams, housing, police, fire brigade, education, rating work, street widenings, maternity and child welfare centres, and school clinics. He has under him, in fact, the medical officer of health, the borough treasurer, the borough engineer, the librarian, the cemetery superintendent, and so on. He is indeed the medium through which the corporation speaks. True, the mayor presides at the council meetings, and is ex-officio member of every important council committee, and the town clerk himself, if he is good at his job, likes to pretend it is always somebody else rather than he who does all the work. The fact remains that though the mayor is the chief citizen of the borough the town clerk is "the works," and if something goes wrong it is always laid at the town clerk's door. One of the profession said not long ago that his salary was earned as follows: 50 per cent. in respect of tact, 45 per cent. in putting up with vulgar abuse, and 5 per cent. for doubtful efficiency.

At the moment town clerks are busier than ever. All these Belisha beacons come under the highways section, and so through the borough engineer affect the town clerk. Metropolitan town clerks are further occupied by the forthcoming Quinquennial Valuation.

No wonder that the average town clerk arrives on duty at about 9.20 a.m. and frequently does not get to bed before one o'clock in the morning. His correspondence come first—anything from births to burials. At 10.15 a.m. there will be say, the committee on rating and assessment, with the usual agenda (1) to confirm the minutes of the meeting held previously; (2) to deal with any matters arising out of the minutes; (3) the council's resolution receiving the committee's report; (4) to receive any apologies for absence; (5) to consider any question; and so on.

With the revision of assessments there are always bound to be objections put up by ratepayers to the assessment committee. Here the town clerk acts as legal adviser about the possibility of an appeal to the Quarter Sessions, which might be continued, indeed, right up the tree to the House of Lords. After an hour of this the town clerk will probably take his interviews. If there is a street-widening scheme people owning the land which is to be used for the widening will need a lot of handling. But then, the town clerk is always expected to be a wizard. Next may come the rector anxious to discuss the function of the mayor and corporation going to church on the following Sunday. He wants to know whether the mayor proposes to read the First Lesson. Then what about the boy scouts being represented? And the girl guides? And the local volunteers? And, of course, the fire brigade?

Scarcely has he gone when a telephone call may reach the town clerk from an agitated woman who has inadvertently thrown away a 300-guinea ring down a sink, and wonders whether it can be traced in the refuse and sewage collected by the borough. This in turn may be followed by some little commotion about trees being blown down in the road, and possibly even killing someone, as happened in Brondesbury the other day. For naturally they come under the borough engineer as surveyor of highways who in turn is junior in responsibility to the town clerk.

An extension of a local library may occupy further valuable time. If a town clerk is in the unhappy position of having a zoo in his borough, he may even have his time taken up by enquiries into the condition of the animals. In any event he is bound to have the job of conducting local enquiries into an application to the Ministry of Health for sanction to raise a loan for some particular local scheme which may be opposed. This is a very delicate business. He is also responsible for all the voting arrangements and the return of the votes whenever there is a by-election or a general election, although the mayor is officially the chief returning officer.

If the town clerk works in a poorer class borough many of the council meetings will take place at 7 o'clock in the evening when the committee men have finished their work for the day. In any event his time is never really his own. The job, in fact, calls for maximum tact, patience, diligence, and marked administrative ability. It is practically essential, moreover, that he should have a legal grounding; 80 per cent. of town clerks are solicitors and 15 per cent. are barristers—that leaves a handful of town clerks who have no academic knowledge of the law. One can only say that life must be still more difficult for them.

Above all, the town clerk must have a sense of humour. No wonder Mr. Kent Wright is so successful as town clerk of Stoke Newington. He has just produced an admirable book called, *The Lighter Side of Local Government*. Moreover, he is a typical town clerk in that his various chapter headings are titled, "The Mayor," "The Aldermen and Councillors," "The Council and its Committees," "Officials," "Elections," "Audit," "A 'Mixed Bag' of Stories," and "Sundry Appendices." You observe that the town clerkship is kept tactfully in the background. To collect the material I gather he circulated town clerks all over the country. Here is one of his stories:—"Attention was drawn at a committee meeting in Scotland to the fact that the percentage of lunacy in Aberdeenshire was higher than anywhere else. Whereupon one of the councillors remarked, 'Ah, weel, ye see, folk that would be thought daft in Aberdeen would be thought gey wise anywhere else.'"

A typical story not in the book was told me by another town clerk, as an exact example of the opposite of what the town clerk would dare say. A councillor observed at a committee meeting, "I don't know what the last speaker has at the back of his head, but you can take it from me, Mr. Mayor, that there is plenty of room for it."

The town clerk, indeed, gets few of the ha'pence and most of the kicks, as yet another story told me yesterday bears out. The roads were up last summer at a seaside town. An irate ratepayer asked the workmen what they were doing digging up the road, "Doan cher know?" was the reply. "The town clerk is going fishing and wants some worms."

No wonder that town clerks keep so much in the background. They are entirely non-political (though there is a flagrant instance of a Labour council getting into power locally and immediately dismissing the town clerk appointed by their Conservative predecessors). His job is to guide the way that the ratepayers, through the medium of the borough council, should go. It is his business to see that money is spent to the best purpose and also that there should be no parsimony. The post offers great scope for personality, and yet if the town clerk shows too much of it it will do him no good in the long run. That the job is one for young men and those in the prime of life is proved by the fact that nobody over the age of fifty could apply for the clerkship of the City of London.

MR. C. KENT WRIGHT, B.A., the successful Town Clerk of Stoke Newington, who has just published a book called *The Lighter Side of Local Government*

SIR WILLIAM J. BOARD, whose work as Town Clerk of the great industrial centre of Nottingham recently earned him a knighthood

SIR A. M. OLIVER, M.A., O.B.E., who has been knighted for his services in the office of Town Clerk of Newcastle-upon-Tyne

Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

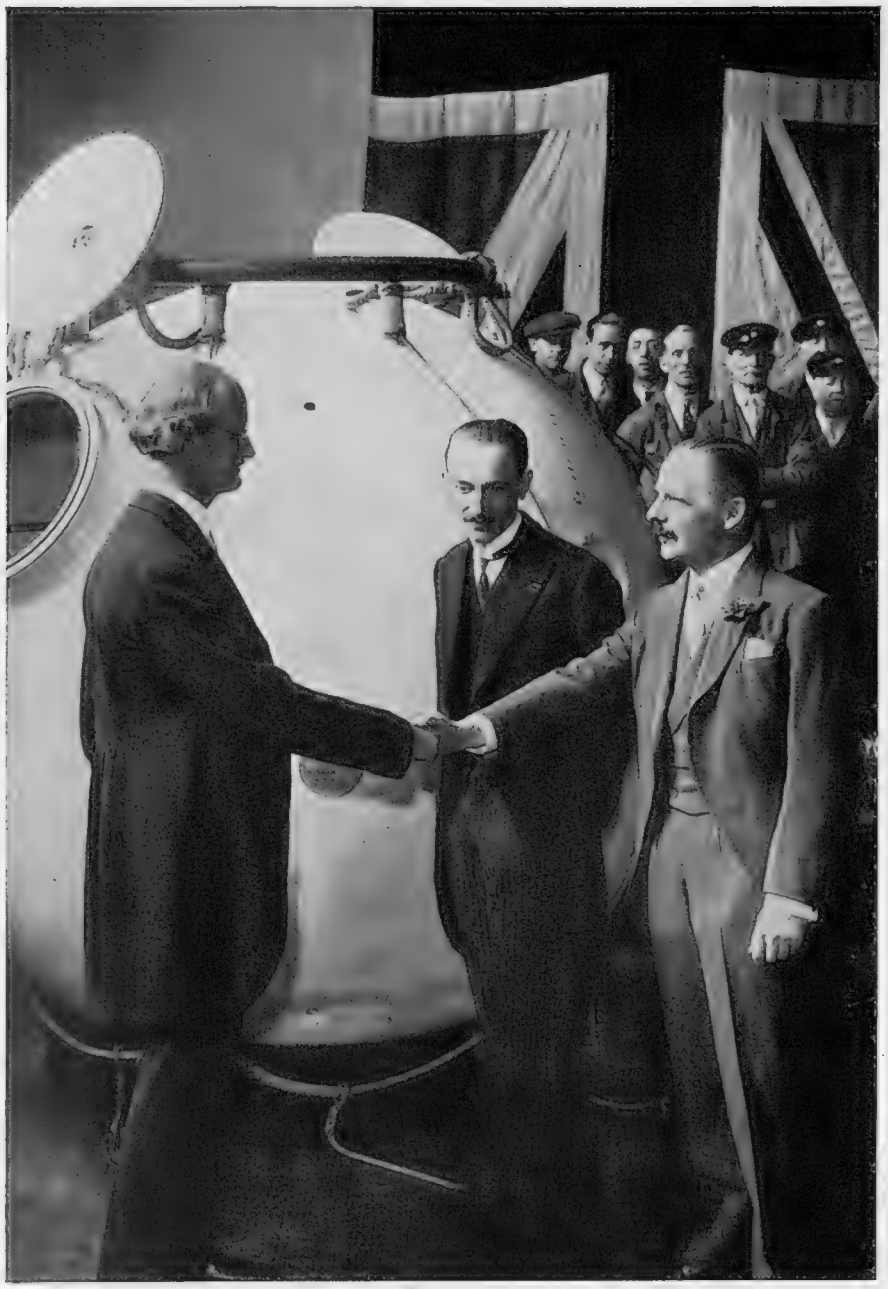
RECREATING 18th-CENTURY WESTMINSTER

On the Playing Field of Dean's Yard

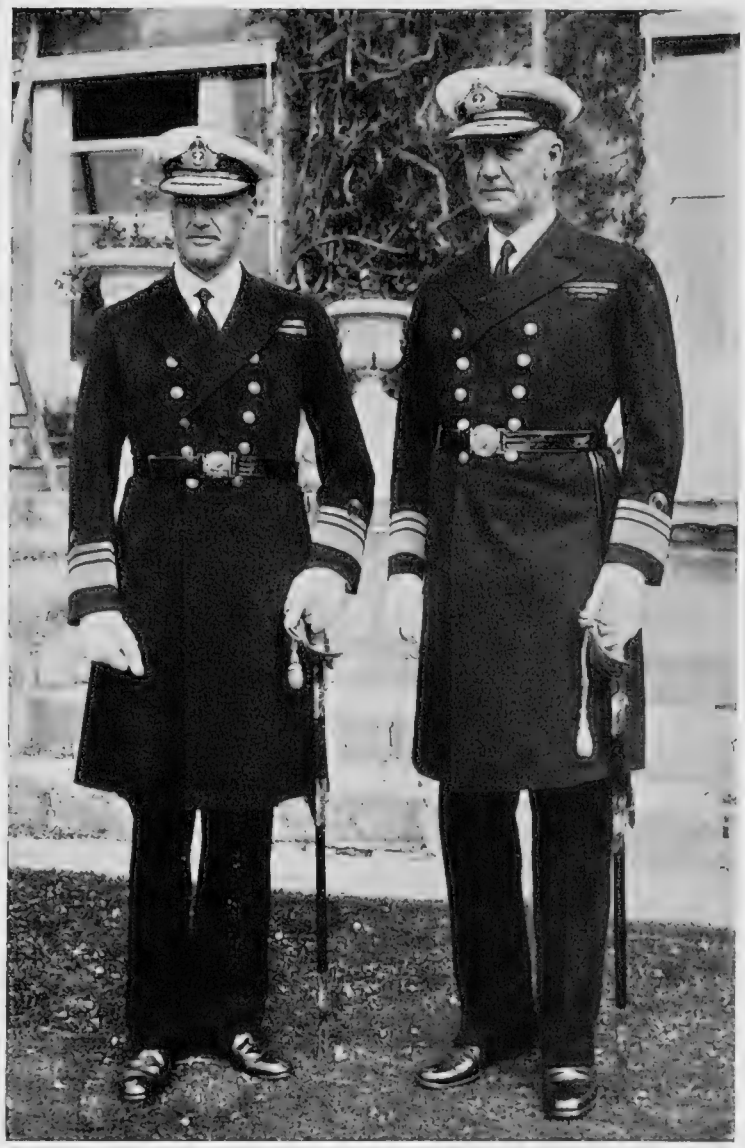
A preliminary plan of the old Westminster Market, which will do business in Dean's Yard for five days in June (from the 25th to the 29th) in aid of the Westminster Hospital Rebuilding Fund. Visitors will be regaled with all the delights of a London fair of 1700; there will be an old-print and book shop in charge of Lady Hudson; a beauty shop, with lavender, patches, and Hungary water; cinnamon buns and hot gingerbread peddled by "Polly Peachum" beauties; and minstrels, tumblers, wire-walkers, and other eighteenth-century sideshows. Besides all this, a number of modern features are included in the programme; in the Amusement Park there will be a china-smashing booth and twentieth-century confectionery for those who prefer it. No less than twenty-four committees are hard at work in preparation for the fair, among them a costume committee, under the direction of Mr. Edward Knoblock. Further details concerning the Fête will be found on page 556.

PERSONALIA

Of a Busy Social Week



THE PICCARD BALLOON GONDOLA in which the Belgian scientist and his companion, M. Cosyns, made their memorable 10½-mile ascent into the air, has been presented to the Science Museum, South Kensington. The Director of the museum is greeting Professor Piccard while M. Cosyns stands in the centre



CHANGE OF COMMAND AT PLYMOUTH: Outside the Admiralty House, Devonport, before the ceremony at which Vice-Admiral Sir Eric Fullerton (*right*) retired, and the Hon. Sir R. A. R. Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax succeeded to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Plymouth Station

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, who has now fully embarked on her course of official duties is here seen arriving at the South Eastern Hospital, Sydenham, where she opened a new wing. She was received by the Mayor of Sydenham, Sir Philip Dawson, M.P. for Lewisham West, and a convoy of boy scouts and girl guides

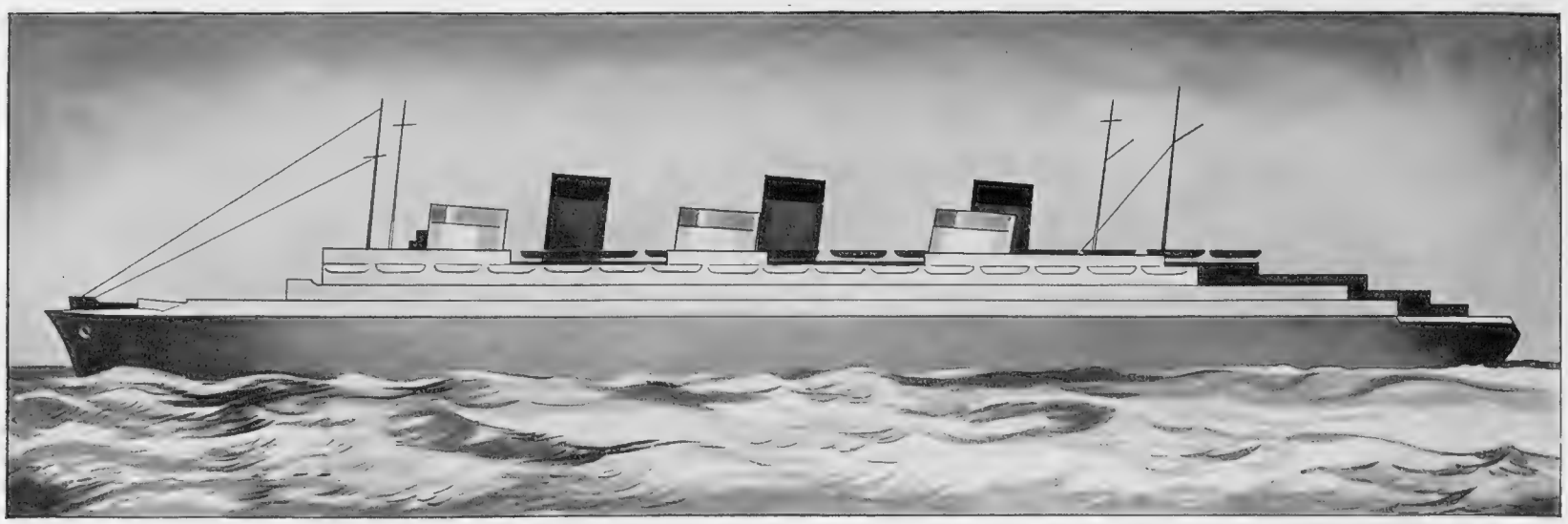
DELIGHTED ANTICIPATION on the face of Princess Elizabeth as she was greeted on her arrival at Aldershot for the daylight rehearsal of the Tattoo, at which 50,000 school-children were present

GOD SAVE THE KING: The crowded house at Covent Garden rises to its feet for the National Anthem, played in honour of H.M. the Queen who was attending the last performance of *La Bohème*. With this final appearance of Grace Moore the grand opera season is virtually ended. An instantaneous impression taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis

THE LONDON SEASON

When Night Falls

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE PROCESSION, in which 249 debutantes of this year and last paraded at the eighth Birthday Ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital at Grosvenor House last week. On the right is THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON OF WALT DISNEY, creator of the inimitable Mickey Mouse, who crossed from America on the French liner, *Normandie*



THE PROFILES OF THE "NORMANDIE" AND THE "QUEEN MARY" COMPARED: The outline of the French vessel appears in front with the Cunarder behind. The bow of the *Normandie* is more clipper built than that of the *Queen Mary*, whose stern is squarer and more of the naval type than the *Normandie's*. The most striking difference to the eye will be the position and shape of the funnels. In the case of the *Queen Mary* they will stand up much more boldly, carrying their heads high, as it were, to the joy of the beholder

THE "BULB" OF THE "NORMANDIE": A new word in shipbuilding terminology. This bow view of the *Normandie* shows the swelling at the base of the stem or bow of the Frenchman. It is a new feature in big steamship construction and prolonged experiments were made before this form was finally adopted. The surface of the water is of course cut about half way up in this picture

THE STRUGGLE for the ATLANTIC RECORD

Some Notes by a Shipping Expert on the First Voyage of the "Normandie" and Comparison of Some of her Outstanding Features with those of the Cunarder

THE *Normandie* has done it, first trip. Good work, good luck. The Italian liner, *Rex*, took nearly a year before she broke the existing record run of the *Bremen*.

Her average speed during the westward run was 29·98 knots, or quite one knot faster than the *Bremen's* best of 28·92 knots. The *Normandie's* eastward run, just completed, was done at an average speed of 30·31 knots, or a time of 4 days 3 hours 25 minutes. She will need to do quite one knot more to get within the four days aimed at.

Mauretania, *Bremen*, *Rex*, *Normandie*. Britain, Germany, Italy, France. The super luxury race goes on. Will history repeat itself in this order of winners? This year France, next year Britain, with the *Queen Mary*. Germany, in her present mood, is not likely to let the grass grow under her feet in her efforts to regain the prize. Whether she lengthens and re-powers the *Bremen*, or builds a new record breaker, is still to be seen.

The *Normandie* has twelve months' start of the *Queen Mary*, and should be well into her stride when the latter takes up the challenge next spring. There is little appreciable difference in their sizes and displacements, but the *Queen Mary's* reputed extra 20,000 to 30,000 horse power and slightly more efficient system of propelling power should give her a good chance of knocking a few hours off the *Normandie's* time, although the actual saving of time at these higher speeds is not so much as many would imagine.

For example, to increase the average speed from 20 to 22 knots would save 15 hours on the Atlantic passage of nearly 3,200 nautical miles. But to add 2 knots to a speed of 30 knots would save only 6½ hours on the trip. Further, every additional knot at these higher speeds requires relatively much greater increase in power—which varies as the cube of the speed—and, of course, running expenses.

A glance at the various photographs of the *Normandie* shows one or two rather striking features. Her long, overhanging clipper bow and more conventional counter-stern contrast with the almost vertical, slightly raked forward stem, and cruiser type stern of the *Queen Mary*. In the case of the former, the stem of the bow below water-level has been somewhat bulged out into a bulb-shaped construction. This is the result of many tank-model experiments, with a view to reducing wave resistance, particularly in the matter of the bow-wave formed. A glance at the ship at full speed certainly shows very little bow-wave as she cuts through the water, indicating her well-cut lines forward.

Another feature of the bow is the forecastle deck, which is turtle backed, and provided with a ten-foot cut-water right down the centre, so as to break and throw off the mountainous waves she will have to plough through at times. This seems to be free of all equipment for docking, which space is made use of in all other ships.

Still more noticeable is the total absence of the mass of large ventilators and auxiliary machinery on her main top deck, and which seems to crowd the deck in other ships. If these can be neatly arranged elsewhere, and without loss of efficiency, it is certainly a good feature. It gives the passengers more promenading space, as well as a less obstructed view all round, while incidentally the wind resistance is somewhat reduced.

Her long stepped, or terraced decks aft, combined with her stumpy funnels—the last of which is only a dummy enclosing ventilators and contains the dog kennels—give her a somewhat less graceful appearance than the fine lines of the *Mauretania*, or the *Queen Mary* as she will be when finished. These last two combine a very fine sense of power, speed, and graceful proportions.

Everyone has read about the wonders of the *Normandie* with her acres of deck room, her palatial glass palaces, a dining saloon 300 feet long, and sumptuous public rooms, her princely suites, theatre, swimming baths and every luxury imaginable. Even the dogs are luxuriously provided for, with beautiful mosaic-floored kennels, netted in stainless steel, and flooded with electric light, while a special deck is provided for their daily walks.

Compare this, however, with what poor humans had to put up with less than 100 years ago. Steerage passengers had to both provide and cook their own food, all of which, together with the necessary utensils, had to pass inspection before sailing. They had to sleep—when that was possible—on rough boards in tiers. No headroom.

(*Continued on p.* 554)

A FIRST SIGN OF A FUNNEL ON THE "QUEEN MARY": As an index of the progress of work on the *Queen Mary* this special picture shows the first indication of the funnels of the big Cunarder. All her upper works are advancing at the same time

THE "NORMANDIE'S" FIRST VOYAGE

How she Behaved

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK with her escort of tugs. The French liner, *Normandie*, steams up the North River after her maiden voyage across the Atlantic at a speed of 29·98 knots. On the return journey she increased her speed to 30·31 knots, taking only 3½ hours more than the 4-day record she has set herself to accomplish

THE WAKE OF THE "NORMANDIE": The two pictures given here will be of especial interest to ship designers, as they both give indications of how the world's biggest ship cuts her way through the water. There seems to be little doubt that she is well shaped at the bow, making a very small wave to left and right. In the view on the right the sunlight has caught the waves, showing clearly their fan-like form. The biggest disturbance appears in the second wave. A *Daily Telegraph* correspondent reports that on the homeward journey the *Normandie* on two days showed some tendency to roll, and continues: "Vibration is still very apparent in the after-part of the ship, but the engineers who have been studying the problem this voyage are confident that the trouble can be greatly minimised"

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By VERNON FANE

FOR more than a decade in Fleet Street the initials R. D. B. have been synonymous with a great editorial tradition and a lovable personality. In the course of a period when more than one revolution has shaken the course of daily journalism, with the attendant anxious times for those who served it, it is significant that the two personalities who commanded absolute loyalty and affection were the late Lord Northcliffe and Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld.

But the general reader's interest in R. D. B.'s **PROCESSION** (Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.) will be in its essential readability. It is given to few men to have known all the great men of his day—kings, princes, statesmen, poets, dramatists, great actors and actresses, financiers, inventors, soldiers and sailors, mystery men, circus proprietors, and then some. It is given to fewer men to be able to write shrewd character sketches and anecdotes about them all.

He will be a dull person indeed who can fail to be entertained by R. D. B.'s *Procession*, or is not captivated by the author's shrewd and genial personality. Of its permanent value I have no doubt, for it is from such books as these that the future historian of our times will draw much valuable material.

If, like me, you find in biography the most satisfying form of contemporary literature, let me beg you not to miss Mr. Hervey Allen's really great life of Edgar Allen Poe, entitled **ISRAFEL** (Gollancz. 18s.). Within my space I cannot do this book the justice of a full review. I am only able to say that here is the story of a man who, in the words of another poet, was lost in stormy visions and kept with phantoms an unprofitable strife. A magnificent subject for a biography; enthralling, vivid, colourful, tragic, by the very wealth of the material an exacting test of a biographer's skill.

Apparently this book was written before Mr. Hervey Allen swept the English-speaking world with his *Anthony Adverse*. On this book alone his reputation should be assured. He is to be congratulated on having a publisher with discrimination, enthusiasm, and courage enough to re-issue and to secure general recognition for one of the most brilliant biographies of modern times.

Mr. Ivor Brown entitles his new book, **THE HEART OF ENGLAND** (Batsford. 7s. 6d.). I was a little dubious as to where Mr. Brown would place the heart, for England is rather more than a mere "geographic expression."

At first, when dealing with ports and the coast, Mr. Brown states that England's heart is to be found on her sleeve, a statement which the whole of the rest of the book belies, for the heart of England is to be found in her history and in her traditions and in the character which is their product.

In a moderately short survey of everything that is denoted by the word "England," Mr. Ivor Brown has done exactly the right thing—he has observed all his scenes and noted all his facts in relation to some central theme. That theme is the heart of England.

As always in the books of this "British Heritage" series, the illustrations are magnificent. As Mr. J. B. Priestley says in his witty foreword, between them and Mr. Brown "you ought to have a grand time."

Kings as a rule are very badly treated in biographies. There is the type of author who wildly romanticizes his subject, and there is the writer who considers that no calumny can be too bad for unhappy monarchs. And last, but very definitely not least, there are the historians to whom a king is merely a rack upon which to hang dates and other indigestible morsels of fact. Few authors—and particularly those writing of contemporary figures—describe the king as a man.

But then M. d'Ydewalle is a journalist, and his subject in **ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS** (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is a personification of manliness. In the whole dramatic history of the war, it is always Albert's reactions as a man that we are shown. Thus, when the German ultimatum was presented to the king, "his aides-de-camp found him striding up and down, a prey to cold fury. In such moments his lower lip would tremble in a curious manner. Nothing but indignation would cause this man, who was utterly fearless, to tremble."

One might almost say that it is preoccupation with the theme of "the man" that accounts for the paradoxes in this book. No person who can claim any individuality at all is composed of simple elements, but Albert's personality was more than usually complex. He loved and understood his country, yet was angered by many of its pettinesses. His most constant remark was, "My people do not love me." Unutterably weary and bored with the whole business of a king's life, he found escape in books and mountaineering. He had an intense desire for knowledge.

A character such as this demands a first-rate biography, and M. d'Ydewalle's is the book.

Donaldson was a nice little man. He was a bank clerk who lived happily and quietly alone, and dreamed of writing a history of finance which would become a standard work.

Donaldson, in fact, did not seem at first particularly good material for a full-length novel, unless it was to be a tiresomely long psychological study. But Mr. Adrian Alington had other ideas for his little hero, and in **DONALDSON** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) he has written what is, in effect, an extremely entertaining murder story.

Murder stories are seldom bright as well as entertaining, murder being such an essentially unjolly pastime. Here is an author, however, who has the ingenuity to create a character whom every reader will be longing to kill off by page 70.

The murder, if you can call it that and not a praiseworthy act of humanitarianism, is the turning point of the book in more ways than one, and from that moment the interest slackens a little. The stout, pathetic bank clerk is a real figure, though, and sometimes unbelievably funny.

I still wonder, all the same, why that old sailor said nothing.

PRINTED COTTON (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) is Lady Longford's latest book, and it is even better than *Making Conversation* which used to be my delight. There is a phrase in the theatre, a well-worn and often meaningless phrase; "getting into the skin" of something. This is a story in which the author has successfully performed this rather ticklish operation to her principal character, an Irish girl of good family, and the result is a witty satire on Irish county life and Dublin intellectuals.

"A young man who was handing round cigarettes (at a Dublin party) asked me, 'Do you write, play, or paint?' I said 'I cook,' and he said, 'How original.' . . . The next party I went to was very different."

The deliberately naïve autobiographical style (a form too often abused) suits the writer excellently. Here is a book full of fun, and because it is the kind of fun which appeals to me I call it the best possible kind.

Here is yet another American author who has weighed in with a long and thoughtful, and I feel accurate, book about the rural life of a part of the U.S.A. Books of this type are apt to have the same interest as a travel book for English readers, which interest, as we know, is very great. But I am told that to the great American public they are held in the same respect as the great sagas of legend, and that is as it should be. Here are the notes, more or less rough, for the American histories of the future.

Miss Gladys Hasty Carroll is the latest recruit to this thriving "forward to the earth" movement. In **A FEW FOOLISH ONES** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) . . . (Why are books about the land always more expensive?) . . . Miss Carroll has written a really good story with the woods of Maine as its background. This novel has already had a remarkable success in America, as might have been expected, and as it deserves. I doubt whether it will have the same measure of popularity over here, but only because the idiom will be a little difficult to understand.

Sincerity is an admirable quality in any work, and the value of this author is that she has a complete realization of that.

A POST-DIARY PORTRAIT OF PEPYS BY JOHN RILEY, sold at Sotheby's on Tuesday. This interesting portrait is not signed or dated, but, we are informed, has been in the possession of the vendor's family for many generations and has always been considered to be a portrait of the great diarist. John Riley, who painted other portraits of Pepys, became, on the death of Lely, court portrait painter, and was attached to Charles II, James II, and William and Mary in turn. A quiet, modest man, the son of the Keeper of Records at the Tower, he was extremely diffident of his own capabilities, and for this reason he never reached the standard of Lely or Kneller, although his portraiture was truthful and forcible. Among his more famous sitters were Edmund Waller, the Caroline poet, the Lords Crewe and Russell, and Bishop Burnet

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We see him giving his wife poisoned coffee and brandy and then going up to her bedroom to strangle her. All very grim.

Mr. Leslie Banks, one of our very grimmest actors, made the most of it: he died, squirming in agony over his own poison, as all villains should in truly moral plays. Mlle Miramova might have been very tedious as the slowly-poisoned wife but was not; as she grew worse and worse in health her performance grew better and better. Her life was saved by Miss Louise Hampton, who played the first Mrs. Carroll with a rigid virtue and necessary lack of allure which did not belong to the second Mrs. Tanqueray. Comic relief was successfully provided by Mr. Lamont Dickson, and not quite so successfully by a "French" maid; I never heard so many uncompromisingly English Oh, la la's in any play.

This Grace Moore Business.—The tumult and the shouting and the general pother over the appearance of Miss Grace Moore at Covent Garden as Mimi in *La Bohème* have, I venture to think, resulted in rather less than justice being done to that singer by the more discriminating music-lovers. I have heard Miss Moore in other operatic rôles in the South of France and I heard her as Mimi the other night. She is a very pleasant singer who knows her job. It is unfair and quite erroneous to describe her as a film star who has "gone in for" grand opera. She was an opera singer long before she obtained film engagements.

She is not a superlatively great nor even an exceptionally good Mimi; I can think of at least half-a-dozen singers who could beat her in this rôle, among them Mme Elisabeth Rethberg, who is in the company this year and is beyond question the finest Mimi now living. But Miss Moore has, in addition to having given some good performances, put Covent Garden on the map in the eyes of a vaster public than that building has ever known; her film reputation has done opera in this country no harm whatever and a great deal of good. For this we should be grateful to Miss Moore and to the astuteness of Mr. Geoffrey Toye in engaging her.

"Anything Goes."—The possible suggestion of inefficiency or slipshod methods connoted by the title *Anything Goes* is very wide of the mark. An entertainment more astoundingly efficient and more dazzlingly competent than that at the Palace Theatre I have rarely seen. I saw this musical play in New York some months ago, and if it has suffered a sea change it is not, save in one instance, a change for the worse.

Mr. C. B. Cochran can always be relied upon to be abreast of the times and even a little ahead of them. Here he is in his most up-to-date mood, showing us costumes which may be worn in 1937 (anyway, I hope so), and an ocean liner which at least in some respects can beat the *Normandie*. The ship's officers, by the way, seemed to spend more time in looking for crooks than in attending to their normal duties, and I should not care to sail under a captain who regarded a Public Enemy Number One as a hero, and who asked him to sit at his table. But that is part of a plot which is sufficiently ingenious to act as a peg for Mr. Cole Porter's music and for other displays of virtuosity, and to avoid inflicting too many *longueurs* (there are some) when song and dance and wild comicality are not in progress.

FALSTAFF FROCKCOATED: George Robey who has proceeded from Shakespeare to farce, and is now entertaining London in *Accidentally Yours* at the Shaftesbury Theatre

"THE MASK OF VIRTUE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: Frank Cellier (*left*) who plays the part of the Marquis d'Arcy, who after a series of adventures and misadventures finally falls in love with the dark-eyed Henriette Duquesnoy, played by Vivien Leigh with exquisite grace

The chief song "hit," a brilliantly clever duet, with a new musical twist to it, entitled "You're the Top," did not hit quite so hard as I expected. That was because, unlike the majority of musical-comedy ditties, the words have point, and in this case some of them were difficult to catch. Mlle Jeanne Aubert was not quite blameless, though she was battling with breathlessness, a French accent and, I suspect, a bad cold. Otherwise Mlle Aubert, an exotic and alluring creature, did remarkably well. She is supported by a clever soubrette, Miss Betty Kean, who, disdaining the methods of the great Edmund, showed us, not Shakespeare, but the underworld of gangsters by flashes of lightning. A quick and graceful "hoofer."

Miss Adele Dixon had to be softly sentimental in this hard, glittering whirlwind, and managed to shed her fiancé, Mr. Peter Haddon, and to cleave to the man she loved, Mr. Jack Whiting, most winsomely; she smiles less than formerly and sings better, and that is all to the good. Mr. Whiting is so agile that I would not have been surprised to find him living up to his name and biting his tail. A perfect little character study by Miss Simeta Marsden should not be omitted from this congratulatory catalogue.

Anything Goes, for all its many virtues, would be inferior fare without Mr. Sydney Howard. Mr. Howard is the Smee of this un-Peter Panlike crew. He is a crook, disguised as a parson, and he complains, with benevolent, moonish face, that he cannot be regarded as wicked enough, that on the list of Public Enemies they will not rate him higher than Number Fourteen. Aboard that liner he steals clothes and boots, slinks round with a deadly machine-gun in a violin case, plays dice with suspicious Chinamen, always in clerical garb and always funny. Mr. Howard refuses to hurry, never shouts, and only emerges from his "sable habiliments of piety or woe" in the last act, when, for some inscrutable reason, he wears hunting pink.

The result is that in a world of glitter and swiftness and noise he remains as something very static and very English. There could have been no better casting than this, and in the long and noble line of Howards there has been no happier creation.

The chorus, the male songsters dressed as sailors, the show girls, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, and all the appurtenances of this really sumptuous show help to achieve the victory. I have mentioned the modernistic dresses, which are really lovely, and their contents are in every respect worthy of them. I would cavil only at the girls wearing a halo who, after the fashion of Aimée Macpherson and her hot-gospellers, sang of the Archangel Gabriel blowing his trumpet. Evangelical campaigns, even the most ludicrous of them, are not fit material for stage burlesque, and I thought the taste here questionable.

But that may be because this was one of the few episodes in this generous entertainment when "we were not amused."

The ambitious new Gaumont-British film based on a play of the same takes the part of the convict leader of a rebellion in a tropical prison America. *Above*—A scene of brutality in the fever-ridden swamps, where are building a rough road, beneath the lash of the overseer

"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP": The play that ran for so many months in London is now in the process of being converted into a film at the British and Dominion Studios, Elstree. Above is Jean Gillie, who is playing the leading role

THE ADVANTAGES *of a* LATE SUMMER

Golden Opportunities at the July Sales

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and if, so far, we have had plenty of excuse for bemoaning our lack of sunshine, a host of compensations will be discovered when the July Sales begin. For summer frocks and coats and hats that normally would have been sold at the beginning of June will all show drastic reductions, and a greater choice than ever awaits those who find a real thrill in a genuine bargain.

Before you set out, make a list of the things you want, and no matter what temptations may beset you, do not depart from it. If you will have just a little patience you will be able to find exactly what you are looking for, so do not give in if you do not find it at the first shop you visit.

THE BALL is started rolling on June 24 at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, and here are a few items taken at random from their sale catalogue. A cardigan suit in light-weight wool, the cardigan fastened low with wooden buttons, and the skirt set on to a wide elastic at the waist. You will find it in many excellent colours for 20s. Or there are jumpers in a fancy lace stitch design, finished with a bow at the neck, for 10s., accompanied by matching cardigans at 12s. 11d. If you do not like taking too much luggage when you travel, get one of their floral satin holiday wrappers. In charming designs, the price is 10s. 9d., and there are floral georgette nightgowns, bias cut, and trimmed with rows of frilly lace, for only 8s. 11d.

JULY 1 is the opening date of the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., and thereafter each Thursday in the month will be an especially popular day, for it is then that remnants are disposed of at half price. All their original model gowns will be cleared regardless of cost, and there are enchanting summer dresses in heavy floral marocain, reduced from 7½ guineas to £4.

Or does the idea of an evening dress appeal to you? If so, you can get a copy of a Lucille Paray, with the new draped skirt, and in lovely colours, for £5.

FURS are always a tremendous attraction at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., and there is certain to be an early demand for dyed American broadtail capes trimmed with foxtails, and reduced to 89s. 6d., the original prices being from 6 to 9 guineas. They are obtainable in shades of café and briarwood. Obviously an early morning visit on July 1 is indicated.

With an eye on the autumn you will find it hard to resist a particularly graceful and dignified evening coat made in their own workrooms. The three-quarter-length sleeves are gauged from the shoulders to the elbow, a scarf collar is draped about the neck, it is full length, and it costs only 7½ guineas in black or in colours to order.

FINALLY, having replenished your own wardrobe, you will turn your thoughts to household requirements, and inevitably you will wend your way to Hamptons of Pall Mall, whose sale begins on July 1 and lasts throughout the month.

Here you will find seamless Axminster and fine grade Wilton carpets in a large variety of choice designs and colourings, all of them representing exceptional value. Or in the China Department you may acquire an outstanding bargain in the form of a Green Tudor combination service, which comprises 72 pieces, and provides you with everything that is necessary for breakfast, tea and dinner—all for 50s. In honey glaze, bordered with jade green bands the shapes are particularly attractive and practical, and any piece can be replaced when breakages occur. On receipt of 1s. Hamptons will send a sample plate.

If you are looking for presents, why not get a crystal glass port set, consisting of six glasses and a cradle port container for 12s. 6d. Or a cocktail set, comprising six glasses, a shaker and a round tray, all banded with silver and gold, all for 10s.

HERE, then, are some of the things that await, but you can get a more comprehensive idea by sending for the sale catalogues which each of these stores will gladly forward on request.

VAT 69

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Silver Jubilee in Trinidad

An Eye-witness Account of the Celebrations in the West Indies

LOYALTY, love, and laughter were the outstanding characteristics of Trinidad's silver jubilee celebrations.

Loyalty to our beloved Sovereign and his family, expressed by the massing together of the island's population to do him homage. Love for common humanity, as in accordance with his wishes, the profits made on the jubilee revels, together with private subscriptions, are to go towards building a tuberculosis sanitarium—a permanent record in Trinidad of his silver jubilee.

And laughter, bubbling forth from the innumerable founts of pleasure created for our delight on this auspicious occasion. Never in our island's history has its population, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, had such a "magnificent spree." It has been a very happy jubilee, and we are grateful that we have been permitted to partake in such genuine rejoicings.

Dinners for the poor, concerts, race-meetings, balls, cabarets, picnics, excursions by land and sea, week-ends down the islands, monster scout and girl guide rallies, bonfires, patriotic gatherings of school-children, beauty competitions, fireworks, illuminations—all have been enjoyed by the delighted public.

At 6 a.m. on Jubilee morning Port of Spain was awakened by steamer sirens, whistles, maroons, bells, in fact any instrument that would make a noise.

As the din subsided there came right across the ether the strains of the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, and God Save the King was wafted through the sweet, morning air. So clear was the reception that even the horses' hoofs along the road of the procession could be heard.

This miracle of modern science gave us a lovely feeling of oneness with those celebrations in London, 3,000 miles away.

In the afternoon we heard the King's own speech, and what emotion it awakened in our breasts. Then the Empire programme, so much enjoyed. Truly did the B.B.C. give magnificent service on Jubilee day.

For us there was a parade of troops on the Savannah, and at a picturesque and colourful ceremony at the Red House, the Governor received loyal addresses for His Majesty and presented Jubilee medals.

In the evening the whole of Port of Spain turned out to see the illuminations. And it rained. But did the revellers mind being drenched? they did not. Jubilee only comes once in 25 years. The merchants of Port of Spain did their bit right royally. Frederic Street, Marine Square and other shopping centres were a blaze of light and prettily decorated with flags. One merchant had a delightful collection of portraits of the Royal Family flood-lit in his window.

1910–1935 was indeed blazoned right across the island's capital. Long live the King and Queen was the favourite motto. Coloured lights were strung right across Frederic Street, and the brilliantly lit windows displayed British goods. Our Empire shopping week has been successful, especially in cotton and other dress fabrics. Trinidad shops are the best in the Caribbean, for our women are smart and up-to-date, so our markets are not to be despised by the British manufacturer.

Government buildings, the cinemas, the War Memorial and the Botanic Gardens were beautifully illuminated. Thousands of motor cars crammed with happy, laughing subjects of His Majesty paraded the streets, the Hotel de Paris wisely ran a continuous dance, and joyous revellers ran in and out of its brilliantly lit frontage till the early hours of the morning.

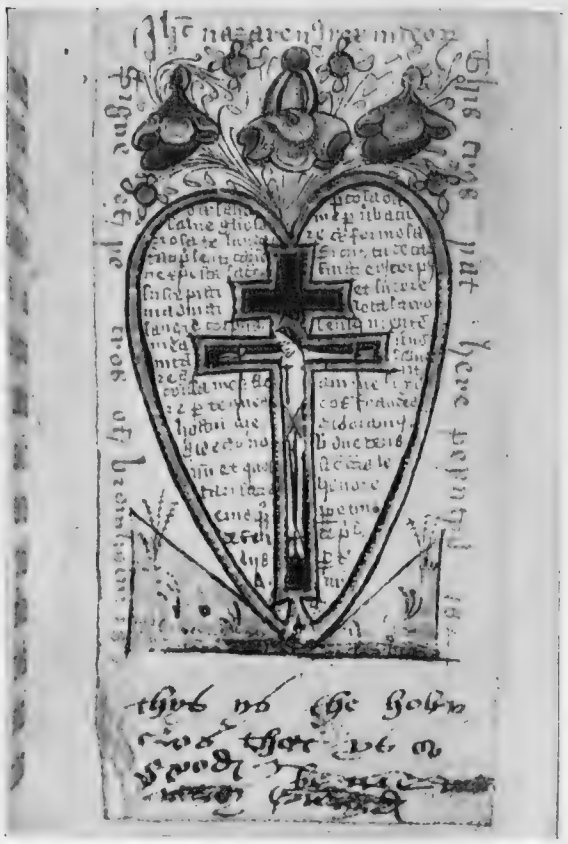
On Jubilee night there could not have been an inch of vacant space on either road or pavement in the heart of Trinidad's capital; and how the folks enjoyed themselves, the brilliant lighting making the scene as clear as day.

On Tuesday afternoon Sir Claud and Lady Hollis gave a jubilee garden party at Government House; 1,200 guests were invited. The tropical, floral decorations of the reception rooms were exquisitely done. Over the gateway was an arch of green ferns and 1910–1935 pricked out in yellow oranges. The Constabulary Band played an all-British programme which was much enjoyed.

The evening finished up with a £500 display of fireworks on the Savannah. Seen from the veranda of the Queen's Park Hotel, the masses of pedestrians, the endless streams of motor cars and buses piled high with people, and the twinkling lights of cars parked high on the hills behind Government House, silhouetted against the soft darkness of the tropical night—a perfect one for fireworks—made a weird and wonderful picture of the teeming life in the tropics.

King George need have no fear about the loyalty of the people of these islands. There must have been thousands of his dusky subjects watching the display in and around that vast, open space.

N. H.



A NOTABLE FIND: The 15th-century parchment which was recently discovered at Lambeth Palace and, as recounted below, furnishes proof of the antiquity of a famous Cross-Reliquary preserved at York

For centuries the cross-reliquary at Bromholm Priory, Norfolk, believed to be a part of the True Cross, was one of the most venerated relics in the British Isles. In 1685 it disappeared, having, according to popular tradition, been removed to the Bar Convent at York. But there was no definite proof that the cross at York was indeed the famous reliquary from Bromholm Priory. Quite recently Mr. H. M. Gillett, while examining books in the library at Lambeth Palace, accidentally discovered, tucked away in a pilgrim's prayer book, the small fifteenth-century parchment memento or souvenir (shown above) which was evidently given, prior to 1685, to a pilgrim to the shrine of the Holy Rood at Bromholm. The cross shown is eleventh century, Byzantine. The parchment proves beyond all doubt that the cross at York is the one that was kept at Bromholm

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Monte Carlo Beach

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ATLANTIC RECORD

(Continued from p. 544)

No light but what trickled down from lanterns on the deck above, no ventilation but what came promiscuously through the hatchways when the weather was good enough to leave them open. Possibly cooped up for anything from 20 to 50 days in a stuffy atmosphere vitiated by every imaginable smell, and left to get along as best they could in rough weather.

How will the *Normandie* put in the seven days she is allowed for each trip? For four out of the seven she will of course be going all out, taking anything that comes in the way of gales, fogs, icebergs, or whatever the weather clerk chooses to dispense. While the 2,000 passengers are enjoying themselves above what is happening below? Oil is being pumped into a hundred roaring furnaces at the rate of about 60 tons an hour. The humming turbines, developing 160,000 horse-power, devour some 500 tons of "red hot" steam in the same time to maintain their speed of forty revolutions a second.

The enormous steel mass of 70,000 tons irresistibly ploughs its white-foamed path through the mountainous seas at 50 ft. a second, displacing some 200,000 tons of water every minute, on a non-stop run of 3,000 miles with the regularity of a main line express train doing its modest 300 miles. The whole stupendous organism is under the control of the subtle brain and dexterous hand of one single man, whose own size and weight is approximately one-millionth part of the gigantic object which he controls. To such a pitch has modern marine engineering brought us.

But what is it going to cost?

The capital cost of the *Normandie* has been stated to be as much as £10,000,000. This no doubt includes the enormous cost of the preliminary investigations, model tests and trials over three years before the final design was decided on. It has been reported on high authority that receipts of £50,000 each voyage would be necessary to meet running costs alone. The fuel bill for the round trip may be taken as about £10,000, while an equal amount at least will be required for wages. Then there are the provisioning, insurance, and depreciation items to make up this tremendous weekly cost. Certainly a luxury for only the wealthiest of people and nations.

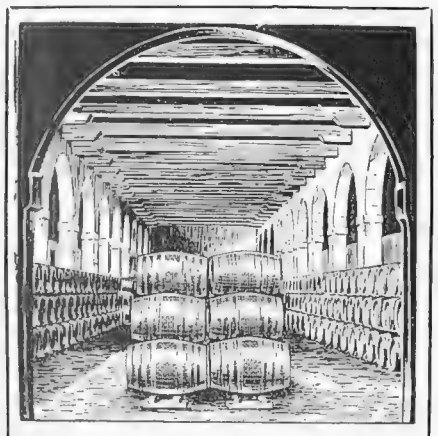
What is she doing the other three days?

First she has to do the cross-Channel run from Havre to Southampton to pick up her English passengers.

(Continued on p. 556)

WEALTH FROM THE DEEP: Salvage vessels at work in the Gulf of Finland, near Helsingfors, where an attempt is being made to recover the treasure from a Russian ship which sank there about the year 1720 when returning from the war with Sweden laden with loot valued at over £1,000,000. During the first half of the eighteenth century more than one enterprising shipowner tried to secure the precious cargo, but none met with any real success

CANNON-BALLS OF VARIOUS SIZES RECOVERED FROM THE SUNKEN RUSSIAN TREASURE SHIP IN THE GULF OF FINLAND: Salvage operations had been in progress for only a few days when this find was made. It is believed to be almost certain that the vessel contains large quantities of gold and silver plate, jewellery, and gold coins



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Plates presented in past issues are of The King's Clumber Spaniel, "Sandringham Spark," Cocker Spaniel, Sealyham Terrier, English Setter, Wire-Haired Fox Terrier, Bull Terrier, and Smooth Fox Terrier. The plate of the Airedale Terrier presented with the issue of June 21 will be followed by West Highland White Terrier in June 28 issue.

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The Book Shop of the Old Westminster Market

SEASONABLE INDUCEMENT: An interesting eighteenth-century colour engraving which Lady Hudson came upon in her search for old prints

THE PANTILES: An eighteenth-century haunt of the intelligentsia, where, as shown in this quaint engraving found by Lady Hudson, such celebrities of the period as Dr. Johnson, Colley Cibber, the Poet Laureate, portly Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Garrick were wont to pass the time of day

Visitors entering the Old Westminster Fair by the main gate (an exact replica of the original market entrance) will be confronted by a colonnade of twenty-four shops, with a most enticing and varied show of wares, and saleswomen dressed in appropriate Hogarth costumes. The bow-fronted book and print shop will be of very great interest to literary gourmands, for Lady Hudson has spent many weeks in patient search of ancient prints and books, and has achieved a really remarkable collection of rarities. A long list of prints includes a very scarce aquatint of Tunbridge Wells; an engraving by Hollar of Charles II in Westminster Abbey, also extremely scarce; a large number of old prints, mezzotints, and engravings of old London, many of them by John Bowles; some original Boydell prints; and an interesting collection of antique maps. Among the books will be a unique 1732 edition of *The Flower Garden Displayed*, by Mr. Furber, and many other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century flower books; a collection of early children's books, including some first editions; and autographed or limited edition copies of books by modern authors, and first editions of Oscar Wilde, Robert Louis Stevenson, and H. E. Bates. A pictorial plan of the whole market will be found on page 541 of this issue, in which the position of the print and book shop is clearly shown.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ATLANTIC RECORD

(Continued from p. 554)

In the case of the Cunarders they cross from Southampton to Cherbourg to get their Continental passengers. In either case some eight or nine hours are taken up with the first lap of the run. Full speed cannot be made during the earlier and latter parts of this short trip. An hour or two is necessary for embarkation.

On arrival at Ambrose Channel light vessel on the other side the ship has to slow down again until she is successfully moored alongside the gigantic new 1,100 ft. long Pier No. 88 at New York, one of three now completing. Then come two days of bustle and rush. But it must not appear so to the passengers. Some 2,000 have to be dis-embarked, quietly and quickly, without giving any impression of undue haste. A few nervous people can make it very awkward at times. These out of the way, the real hustle begins. All public rooms and 1,000 or so cabins, etc., must be thoroughly cleaned up and replenished for the new comers. Some 8,000 tons of fuel oil have to be pumped into the bunkers as food for the boilers, as well as 6,000 tons of fresh water. Somewhat different food and drink for over 3,000 people of all ages, classes, and tastes, and luggage for two-thirds of that number, besides tons of mails. One has to think in terms of the requirements of a floating town, not merely a ship.

During those few hours the engineer squad are all over the boilers, turbines, electric motors, and every conceivable kind of machinery—which has been going full speed for four days without stopping—cleaning, adjusting, and repairing, so as to be in the pink of condition again for the return trip.

All straightened out, the polyglot stream of another 2,000 passengers swarms aboard, and is politely shepherded into their respective quarters. The millionaire with his retinue, the film star with her pet Peke, puma, or python, the hundreds of tourists seeking new sights and business men searching for new markets, all to be catered for with their thousand whims and fancies.

Having dropped the pilot at Sandy Hook and leaving the shores of America behind the race against time begins again. Instead of gaining five hours on the clock as during the western run she loses five hours against the clock, which of course have to be adjusted in the times.

Back at the home port again via Plymouth the same cycle of operations will be repeated, week after week, month after month, until it becomes of so little moment as to be scarcely noticed or heard of by anyone but those aboard, till another record-breaker comes along to go one better.

Edwin H. Judd

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Annual Inspection of the Newport Market Army Bands School, (which is a branch of the above Society) by Lieut.-General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Director General of the Territorial Army, will take place at Darrick Wood, Orpington, on June 29. Lady Bonham-Carter will present the prizes. The boys at this School are given a good home, and are trained for entry into Army bands. Funds are most urgently needed to assist in the great work that the Society is carrying on, not only in this School, but also in their other Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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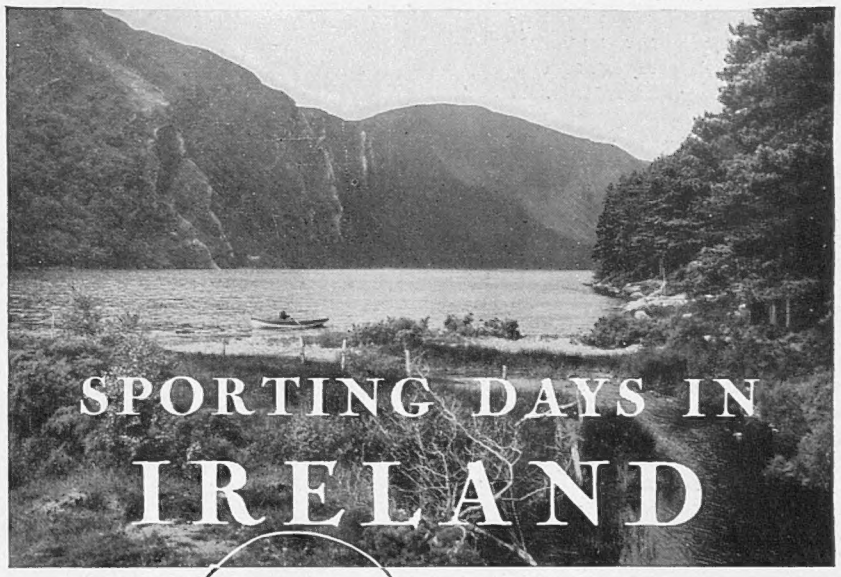

Is it any wonder that year after year sportsmen armed with fishing tackle and golf clubs come back to the Irish Free State? There are streams and rivers and loughs all over the South and West of Ireland, and most of the fishing's free. As for golf—there are magnificent courses everywhere. Boating, bathing, walking, climbing too, and any number of good, comfortable hotels where hospitality has been brought to a fine art.

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Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

A Letter from the Chaco

A Paraguayan's Tribute to the Courage of His People

We have received the following letter from a Paraguayan correspondent who gives a graphic account of the heroism of the Paraguayans during the Chaco war which, at long last, appears to be definitely at an end. Some of the views expressed naturally tend to be one-sided but this in no way detracts from the interest of what the writer has to say.

DURING the last few months the victorious little Paraguayan army has drawn to itself the admiration of the world with its smashing victories over the Bolivian army, which is twice its size, and which at the beginning of the war was very much better equipped than the "poor" Paraguayan army. This "little war" has proved that in such a protracted struggle a dominating spirit, dogged perseverance, lofty heroism, and self-sacrifice can prevail over material wealth.

In the summer of 1932, whilst defending the honour of their race and the integrity of their country, the Paraguayan Government received a challenge from the comparatively wealthy and numerically powerful Bolivian people, and were forced to enter upon a war on unequal terms with a much more powerful enemy. Why was this war ever started and continued? For the very existence, future, honour, and dignity of Paraguay. Bolivia wanting an outlet to the Atlantic Ocean (via the River Paraguay), planned a war, relying on the insignificance of the Paraguayan Army, and on the poorness and smallness of numbers of the Paraguayan people whose grievous wounds received during the war of 1866–70 had not yet entirely healed.

A miracle of marvellous effort and self-sacrifice on the part of the Paraguayan army saved the situation; the army was helped by perfect co-operation and mutual assistance from the Government and public institutions and organisations; also by the skill and statesmanship of the President of the Republic, Dr. Ausebio Ayala; by the co-operation of the President, the Commander-in-Chief General Jose-Felix Easigarrivia, and Congress; the Commander-in-Chief's steadfastness and perseverance have been remarkable. He was never dismayed by occasional non-success, difficult work, or the lack of training of his troops, especially in the lines of communication. Nor were the difficulties of grappling with Nature in the wild and distant Chaco too much for him. Above all the supreme effort and sacrifices of our brave little army have won the fight. Paraguay can now retire with honour, old disputes having been settled; the stronger and better equipped enemy has been vanquished.

I have watched the Paraguayan soldiers with amazement; their patience, powers of endurance, and steadfast bearing are beyond all praise, and their modesty and diffidence remarkable. Also, in the Paraguayan army there are no disciplinary regulations; the army service is entirely voluntary and given willingly. How is obedience then maintained? It is necessary to understand this country and the psychology of its people to grasp much that to a European for the first time in the country seems strange.

FRANCE'S WONDER HORSE: Baron Edouard de Rothschild's Brantome photographed during an exercise gallop in preparation for the Ascot Gold Cup. He is both a stayer and a sprinter and has won races at all distances from 5 furlongs to 2½ miles

FASHION NOTE: A smartly-dressed race-goer in the paddock on the first day of Ascot. On account of the adverse weather conditions there were few spectacular frocks and few wide-brimmed hats in evidence

A DISAPPOINTING START: Two pictures taken on the opening day at Ascot which was marred by heavy rain which spoilt the fashion parade. *Left*—The Duke and Duchess of Kent arriving in their car. *Right*—Mackintoshes and umbrellas to the fore

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Llandrindod Wells.—Rock Park Hotel. Tel. 2.
London.—Bailey's Hotel, S.W.7.
London (Kensington).—De Vere Hotel. West 0051
London.—South Kensington Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Ramsgate.—Granville Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel. 100 rms. Garage.
Scarborough.—Grand Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Shaldon, Teignmouth.—Dunmore Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Weston-super-Mare.—Royal Hotel. Sea front.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.

SCOTLAND.

Ballater.—Deeside-Cambus O'May Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

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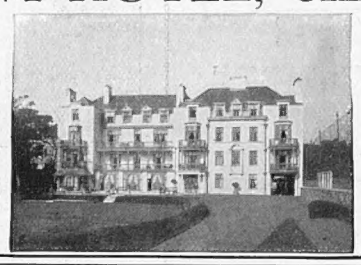

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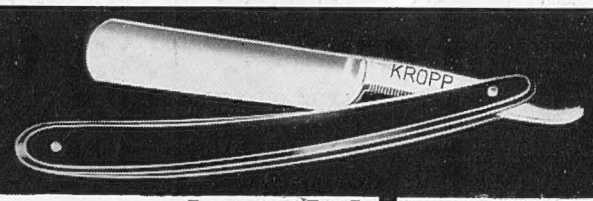

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The Kropp razor lasts a lifetime. No upkeep costs.
Why does it last so long?
Because it is made by craftsmen from hand-forged Sheffield steel—the finest workmanship put into the world's finest steel. So, apart from its economy, you get a super-keen blade EVERY morning.

In case, Black handle - 10/6
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Booklet 170 tells more. Free on request.

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ALL BRITISH

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

W., Sussex (Spain).—The return 3rd class fare from Southampton to Santander by German African Line is £4 10s., there being an outward sailing from Southampton on July 31, and back from Santander on August 16. The cheapest single 3rd class rail fare is £5 17s. 2d. It is possible to obtain a map of the Pyrenees for walking, though being a French publication considerably more detail is given for the French side than for the Spanish. We would suggest that you go to Pamplona by rail, and then walk from there to Jaca, spending most of the time in the neighbourhood of Canfranc, so that you can explore most of the surrounding country, which contains some of the most beautiful scenery in the Pyrenees. You should make excursions across the French frontier in order to visit Gavarnie and the Pont d'Espagne.

L., Worc. (Devonshire).—Exeter is an excellent centre from which to tour Devonshire, for a network of roads spreads out from the town in every direction. You would like the Rougemont Hotel in Exeter. A cheap and useful little guide is the *R.A.C. County Road Map and Gazetteer to Devonshire and Cornwall*, price 2s.

H., London (Scotland).—Ballachulish is situated in the heart of the Western Highlands on the shores of Loch Linnhe. The surrounding country is extremely beautiful, and offers innumerable opportunities for interesting walks. We can recommend the Creagdhu Hotel at Onich, which is only a short distance from North Ballachulish.

C., Herts. — The cheapest way of taking a car across the Channel is via the special Autocarrier from Dover to Calais, which leaves Dover daily (including Sundays) at 11 a.m. arriving at Calais at 12.30 noon. The return fare for a 12-h.p. Rover Saloon would be £7 14s. The passenger fare on the Autocarrier is 25s. return.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Yorks. (Germany).—We suggest you visit the spa of Bad Reichenhall, which is at an altitude of 1,541 ft. in the Bavarian Alps, close to the Austrian frontier of Salzburg. One can make many excursions by road among the Bavarian Alps, which are of course extremely beautiful, and across the frontier to the Austrian Tyrol and Salzkammergut. Good orchestral concerts are given at Bad Reichenhall during the season, and if you visit the spa between July 30 and August 21 you can make excursions by train to Munich and Saltzburg to the music festivals there. We advise you to make your visit during August if possible, as that is the height of the season there. Lindau is a popular holiday resort on Lake Constance, situated amidst pretty surroundings. It cannot however be compared with Bad Reichenhall as regards beauty of situation and the variety of excursions which can be made.

C., Ireland (Cumberland). — The climate of the south and south-west of Ireland is particularly mild and soft during the winter and spring months, with a marked absence of cold winds. The only drawback is the fact that it is inclined to rain a good deal, and this together with the mild climate accounts for the sub-tropical vegetation which flourishes in many parts. Glengarriff, which is in a very sheltered position at the head of Bantry Bay has a winter temperature which seldom falls below 40 deg. Fah. On the other hand, Queenstown, though in a less sheltered position on Cork Harbour, would probably be a little drier, as there are no sheltering mountains immediately in the rear as at Glengarriff, which occasion so much mist and rain.

H., London.—The cost for taking your light Austin Twelve across to the Continent via the special Autocarrier from Dover to Calais would be £5 14s. return; via Harwich–Flushing the cost would be £5 13s. 6d. return. The cost on the Dover–Calais crossing is calculated on the wheel-base of the car, and on the Harwich–Flushing route by the weight of the car. The passenger fare on the Autocarrier is 25s. return, and via Harwich–Flushing, £1 10s. 3d. 2nd class return. The Autocarrier leaves Dover daily at 11 a.m. arriving at Calais at 12.30 noon. On the Harwich route you would leave at 11.40 arriving Flushing at 5.50 p.m. British subjects do not require visas for either France, Belgium, Germany, or Austria.

N., Lancs. (Torquay).—We do not think you could do better than stay at the Imperial Hotel at Torquay, which stands in its own grounds in a delightful position on the cliffs within five minutes walk of the town. There is private access to a delightful bathing cove, while a large tepid sea-water swimming bath is contiguous to the hotel.

D., London (Sidmouth).—Of the four hotels you mention we advise you to select the Belmont Hotel at Sidmouth, which is excellent, and would suit your requirements in every respect. Though Sidmouth has a mild winter climate it is refreshing and breezy during the summer months.

D., Yorks. (Italy).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Naples via Dover, Calais, Mt. Cenis, Genoa, and Rome would be £14 16s., including the 50 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways. For the night in Rome you could stay at the Albergo Elyseo, via Porta Pinciano. You would probably find Rome rather too hot in August, however, and it would be wiser to spend a week there on the return journey. Amalfi and Sorrento are both very attractive resorts on the Naples Riviera, but for a stay during August we advise Sorrento which faces north, rather than Amalfi which faces south. However, if you particularly require good bathing, we think you would do better to visit Capri, where there are two sandy beaches.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique. — 150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Cambon.—3, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Every comfort. Room from Frs. 20. Pension from Frs. 45.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr.dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opn. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert. — Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

Bühlerhöhe, Black Forest.—800 m. (2,600ft.) nr. Baden-Baden. **Kurhaus & Sanatorium.** All cures, diets, rest cures, sports. Pen. fr. M. 11

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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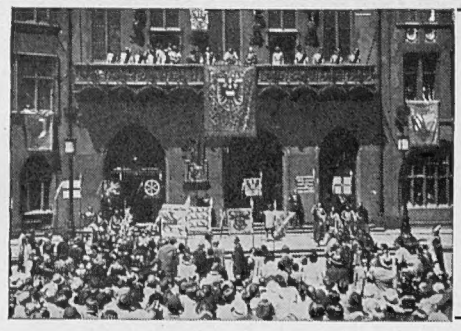

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